Tros Tyriusque mihi nullo discrimine agetur

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GIANNINI AND BANCITALY

BY JOHN PARKE YOUNG

I

TWENTY-FOUR years ago a small unnoticed bank in the Italian quarter of old San Francisco opened its doors for business. Today it has grown into a prodigious institution stretching from coast to coast, from the Mexican border almost to the Canadian border, and with the largest aggregation of banking capital the world has ever seen. That the Bank of Italy has been able to accomplish this spectacular expansion with the name that it has chosen, in a country that exalts one hundred per cent. Americanism, is all the more remarkable.

Although the great bulk of its customers are made up of the general American public, the Bank of Italy, with its head office in San Francisco and nearly three hundred branches, is controlled to a considerable extent by a group of Italians, American born for the most part and thoroughly loyal to this country. Nearly half the directors of the bank have foreign names. The bank is nevertheless a genuine American institution and democratic in its make-up.

The Bank of Italy itself is only a part of the story. Associated with it are the Bancitaly Corporation, the National Bancitaly Company, and several other members of the "Italy" family. The pivot around which the group of institutions swings is the

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person of Mr. A. P. Giannini, the founder and moving spirit of the organization.

The Bancitaly Corporation, a holding company, or more specifically an investment trust, was organized originally by Mr. Giannini in 1918. Its sole business is to own securities, and included among its securities are stocks of numerous other banks, so that the Bank of Italy, or the Giannini system, includes within its scope many banks in addition to those nearly three hundred branches which carry the name of Bank of Italy. Inasmuch as the Bank of Italy is itself prohibited by law from owning stock in other banks, the Bancitaly Corporation, by purchasing a controlling interest in these other banks, provides a convenient means for expansion anywhere in the country. It is through the Bancitaly Corporation that Mr. Giannini has now appeared in New York at No. 44 Wall Street. At this location he has taken over one of Wall Street's oldest and most respected institutions, the Bank of America, which has been in business for one hundred and sixteen years.

It would be a mistake to regard the Bancitaly Corporation merely as a convenient arrangement for acquiring control of other banks for the Bank of Italy. Bancitaly, one of the pioneer investment trusts in the United States, has become one of the financial giants of the country. It has stock outstanding which is worth, according to current market prices, over one billion dollars. The growth of Bancitaly has, in fact, been even more rapid and spectacular than that of the Bank of Italy. Bancitaly, it should be remembered, has no official connection with the Bank of Italy. The relationship is that of ownership, to a considerable extent, by the same individuals.

The story of the Bank of Italy and its affiliated institutions is to a large extent the story of Mr. A. P. Giannini. An aggressive exponent of branch banking, he has set the pace for the other banks. In fact, he has gone much faster than most of the other banks cared to follow. Shattering precedents and traditional banking practices, his extremely aggressive methods have been criticized by his opponents as improper, unbecoming the banking profession, and beneath the dignity of a respected financial institution. Competitive methods practised in the industrial

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world he has applied to the banking profession, with the result that banking in California has become as keenly competitive as any business in the country.

Among Mr. Giannini's innovations, for example, is that of bank advertising. Formerly it was regarded as improper and cheapening for a financial institution to go before the public and tell of its merits, to tell the public why it should deal with this particular bank instead of with the bank around the corner. Banks were supposedly conferring a great favor on the public by being in existence, and therefore should not press themselves forward like a brand of soap or a variety of chewing gum. Advertising was vulgar. Nevertheless every banker, while he did not want to seem to be doing so, was quietly desirous of pressing his institution forward just as far as possible.

Mr. Giannini did not care about convention, and early in the history of the Bank of Italy deliberately set about advertising it. Advertising had proved profitable in other lines of business, so why not in banking? With the precedent once set, other banks have been forced to follow, whether they liked it or not, so that at the present time bank advertising has become respectable.

Bank advertising in its early stages had to be disguised and not appear on its face to be advertising. Thus a street map would carry a note to the effect that it was given by the courtesy of the City National Bank, or perhaps a newspaper would carry a modest announcement of the name of the officers of the bank together with a brief statement of the capital and resources. In the present development of bank advertising, electric signs and window displays are brought into use; but there are limits and we have not as yet reached the point where red balloons, illuminated airplanes and playing search lights are appropriate.

Mr. Giannini did not stop with advertising, but broke again with banking tradition in soliciting new business, and in actively selling stock in his bank to the public. He went almost literally from door to door soliciting new accounts and making friends for his institution. At the present time most other banks have New Business Departments, Commercial Development Departments or whatever they may variously be called.

A stock ownership plan for employees has been inaugurated

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by Mr. Giannini, whereby forty per cent. of the net profits of the bank, after dividends, go to the employees for the purchase of stock. At present about two and a half per cent. of the stock is owned by employees, exclusive of officers.

Mr. Giannini, as might be assumed, has made many enemies who censure him most severely and in the harshest of terms. "Unethical," "not a man of his word," "a political manipulator," are some of the expressions used to describe him. It is charged that several of the high State officials in California are under his influence. At the same time, he has a plentiful supply of the stanchest of friends, and in addition a large popular following who regard him as a sort of financial wizard, an honest Ponzi, and withal a generous philanthropist, as witness his recent gift of $1,500,000 to the University of California. He holds the imagination of thousands of people almost as under a magic spell, people who believe that whatever he touches will turn into money. This belief, as a matter of fact, has been supported to a large extent by past experience.

On the other hand it might be added that the rapid expansion of Mr. Giannini's interests is regarded in many quarters with genuine uneasiness. Fear is expressed that the base is not adequate to support the superstructure. Several of the leading and conservative bankers in the country (whose names obviously can not be mentioned) shake their heads and wonder what will be the outcome. It is feared that if Bancitaly, for example, should suddenly show signs of weakness, the result might shake the Pacific Coast and in fact the whole country.

II

As to Mr. Giannini himself, he was born in San José, California, fifty-eight years ago, of Italian parents who were not wealthy. His father died before he was six, so that he was raised by a stepfather, who later became a prosperous produce merchant in San Francisco. Mr. Giannini had little schooling, leaving the grammar grades before he was fifteen, and then spending three months in a business school. After this preparation he went into business with his stepfather along the San Francisco docks. It

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is this stepfather, Mr. I. Scatena, who is now chairman of the Board of Directors of the Bank of Italy.

Mr. Giannini and his stepfather were successful in the commission business. Vegetables and produce of all kinds were brought in from the districts across the Bay and sold to the people of San Francisco. It was in this way that Mr. Giannini got his financial start.

About 1900 he branched out into real estate at a time when realty values in San Francisco were rising. This gave him more profits. He was then asked to become a director of the Columbus Building and Loan Association on account of his influence in the Italian colony. He did not stay long with this organization, resigning because of lack of agreement with the other directors. The Columbus Building and Loan Association conducted a sort of banking business, so that he was able to learn something about banking.

On leaving the Building and Loan Association he determined to start a bank of his own. With about ten of his Italian friends associated with him as stockholders he opened in October, 1904, the Italian Bank of California, as it was called, with a capital of $150,000. He soon changed its name to that of Bank of Italy. The bank, a small affair located in the Italian district, attracted little attention at that time. The depositors were largely Italian friends of Mr. Giannini and his father, a clientele that had been built up while Mr. Giannini was in the commission business.

In 1906 came the disastrous earthquake and fire in San Francisco. This catastrophe ultimately proved to be a real help to Mr. Giannini. On the morning of the earthquake he hurried to his modest bank to see how it had fared. The fire was approaching the district where the building was located, so he obtained a horse and wagon, loaded into the wagon the cash, securities, books and stationery of the bank, and with an escort of two soldiers that had been provided him drove to his home in San Mateo, twenty miles distant. Here the treasure was buried in the garden.

While the fire was still smouldering, Mr. Giannini had the distinction of having his bank the first to reopen for business. He set up a desk in the open at the water front with a sign over it,

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"Bank of Italy," and here conducted an improvised banking business. A few days later he moved his bank to the residence of his brother on Van Ness Avenue, which was in the district that had escaped serious damage. About a month later he opened temporary quarters on Montgomery Street, until a permanent building could be constructed on Montgomery and Clay streets. The Montgomery Street bank had its name appear in Italian, "Banca d' Italia".

After the fire and earthquake the Banca d' Italia adopted a fairly liberal loan policy for reconstruction purposes. This policy, combined with the fact that it had weathered the catastrophe so successfully and reopened so early, added greatly to its prestige and to the extent of its business.

Paradoxical as it may seem, the financial panic of 1907 gave the Bank of Italy another boost. The bank had maintained large specie reserves, partly because of the nature of the business of its customers who made heavy demands for cash, and who liked "hard money", and partly as a matter of deliberate caution. During the crisis of that year, when most other banks were suspending cash payments, the Bank of Italy was able to pay in gold all the demands that were made upon it. Confidence in Mr. Giannini and his Bank of Italy thus scored again.

III

The year 1907 marked the entry of Mr. Giannini into branch banking. In August of that year he opened a branch on Mission Street, San Francisco. Two years later, December, 1909, he purchased the Commercial and Savings Bank of San José, which had resources of $491,000. In October, 1910, the Bank of Italy moved up in society when it appeared on Market Street. This was accomplished through the purchase of the Bank of San Francisco and the Mechanics Savings Bank, two institutions which were merged into one and known as the Market Street Branch of the Bank of Italy. The Bank of Italy was thus leaving the old Italian district and moving along side of San Francisco's established and most reputable institutions.

It was about this time that Mr. Giannini's moves began to

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attract more than casual attention. His entrance into Market Street caused considerable comment, and also sharp criticism. Branch banking was unpopular, and the sentiment against it in some quarters in California was at that time fairly strong.

His next move was to take over the Bank of San Mateo, in his home town, which became known as the San Mateo Branch of the Bank of Italy. Further comment and criticism resulted. In order to help finance this expansion he began actively to sell stock in the Bank of Italy to the general public.

In 1913 occurred his most spectacular move up to that time. Los Angeles, five hundred miles to the south, had been watching proceedings from a distance. He now purchased the Park Bank at Fifth and Hill Streets, Los Angeles, and thereby also acquired a branch of the Park Bank out on Pico Street, Los Angeles. The banking fraternity in Los Angeles viewed this action with disapproval. His bitterest fight throughout has been waged in Los Angeles and began about this time. The State Banking Department of California also soon began to view with suspicion the branch expansion of the Bank of Italy.

Another bank in Los Angeles was acquired in 1914, when the City and County Bank was purchased and merged with the Park Bank. The following year Mr. Giannini moved his Los Angeles bank to the corner of Seventh Street and Broadway, the very heart of the Los Angeles business district. He also opened that year, 1915, the International Branch on North Spring Street, in a district where the bank could cater to the foreign element.

Rapid expansion of branches took place in 1916 and 1917, especially in the latter year. One bank after another was added up and down the length of the State, usually by the purchase of an existing bank. The Bank of Italy during these years entered the San Joaquin Valley, and then the Santa Clara Valley, two of the great agricultural districts of California.

Acquisition of branches under the name Bank of Italy continued until the passage by Congress of the McFadden Bill, early in 1927. This Act prohibits any bank in the Federal Reserve System from establishing branches outside the city where it is located.

Immediately prior to the passage of the Act the acquisition of

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branches was especially active. The Act was signed by President Coolidge on February 25. On January 28 had come the announcement of the consolidation of four Giannini banks, the Liberty Bank of San Francisco with thirty-two branches, the Bank of America of Los Angeles with twenty-two branches, the Commercial National Trust and Savings Bank of Los Angeles with twenty-three branches, and the newly acquired Southern Trust and Commerce Bank in San Diego with eight branches. This merger was approved by the new State Superintendent of Banks of California, the application for merger having been pending, it is understood, for eleven months under the former Administration.

On February 15 the Superintendent of Banks approved the purchase by the Bank of Italy of the newly consolidated institution, which had been named the Liberty Bank of America, subject to approval by the Federal Reserve Board, which was later given on February 21. On February 16 the McFadden Act passed the Senate and went to the President, by whom it was signed on February 25. Thereupon the Bank of Italy, now with 270 branches, took out a national charter under the title Bank of Italy National Trust and Savings Association, and opened for business as a National bank on March 1, 1927.

Since the passage of the McFadden Act the Bank of Italy has established fourteen new branches in the city of San Francisco and has acquired banks outside of San Francisco by means of the holding company device, and also by other legal means, so that at present it has 289 branches.

The principal means for further branch expansion by the Bank of Italy interests in California is at present through ownership by Bancitaly of stock of the United Security Bank and Trust Company. This bank, with its head office in San Francisco, is under State charter and is not a member of the Federal Reserve System. The bank is therefore free, so far as the McFadden Act is concerned, to establish branches anywhere it wishes in California. The United Security Bank and Trust Company has at present fifty-four branches throughout the State, which are in effect part of the Bank of Italy system. The United Security Bank has a capitalization of over eight million dollars and de-

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posits of $142,000,000, so that by itself it is not a small institution.

The development of the United Security Bank and Trust Company along branch lines has brought to the front a clash over names, now in the California Supreme Court, which is likely to be but the beginning of a long series of difficulties over similarity in names as banks reach out and invade each other's territories.

Among the oldest, largest and most respected banks in Los Angeles is the Security Trust and Savings Bank located on the corner of Fifth and Spring Street, a bank which has approximately fifty-five branches, a capitalization of twelve million dollars and deposits of $249,000,000. The United Bank and Trust Company, with its head office in San Francisco, was formed in April, 1927, out of the consolidation of two other banks, one of which dated back to 1860. Further consolidation took place in October, 1927, when the name was changed to Security Bank and Trust Company and the place of business moved to Bakersfield, where was located the Security Trust Company, one of the consolidating banks. In March, 1928, additional consolidation was accomplished and the name changed again, this time to its present form, United Security Bank and Trust Company. The place of business was moved back to San Francisco.

The United Security Bank and Trust Company has been acquiring branches in Southern California in proximity to branches of the Security Trust and Savings Bank, the Los Angeles institution, and has plans for further expansion in that part of the State. The Security Trust and Savings Bank has therefore secured an injunction against the United Security Bank and Trust Company prohibiting the latter institution from establishing additional branches under its existing name. The United Security Bank is contesting the authority of the court to grant the injunction, maintaining that approval of the name by the State Superintendent of Banks is final.

A humorous side to the dispute occurred when a telegram from Mr. Giannini intended for his own United Security Bank was delivered by mistake to the other Security Bank.

Another conflict over similarity in names occurred last year when the First National Bank of Los Angeles, another of the

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old and respected institutions of that city, consolidated with its affiliated institution, the Pacific Southwest Trust and Savings Bank, which operated a large number of branches. When the Pasadena branch of the Pacific Southwest Bank was about to have its name changed to "First National Bank in Los Angeles", the First National Bank of Pasadena disapproved. A compromise was reached on the name Los Angeles First National Trust and Savings Bank.

IV

The Bancitaly Corporation, organized by Mr. Giannini in 1918, is a New York corporation with its home office in New York City. One of the early investment trusts in the United States, it has no special business other than that of owning securities. Its own stock is offered to the general public, and is widely distributed. Especially is it held by those who hold stock in the Bank of Italy.

The first move of the Bancitaly Corporation was to take over the East River National Bank. From ownership in this single institution Bancitaly has grown until at the present time it owns stock in approximately one hundred different banks in the United States and foreign countries. In addition to bank stocks, it owns securities of all types, both domestic and foreign. About sixty securities are held in blocks of one million dollars or more. Furthermore, Bancitaly owns about twenty-five per cent of the stock of the Bank of Italy.

Bancitaly's most recent move to cause special comment was the purchase of 33,250 shares of the Bank of America, bought at $510 a share. The stock of the Bank of America thereupon rose rapidly in market price to between fourteen and fifteen hundred dollars a share, giving a paper profit to Bancitaly of over thirty million dollars. Similarly when 20,000 shares of the Bowery and East River National Bank were purchased at $250 a share, and rose to about $2,300 a share, Mr. Giannini saw a profit accumulate for Bancitaly to the extent of over forty million dollars. The value of these stocks has at present declined somewhat from the maximum.

The Bank of America, the Bowery and East River National

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Bank, and the Commercial Exchange Bank have now been consolidated into one institution with a capital of over sixty million dollars. The new institution brings to the Giannini organization some of New York's outstanding bankers. The reorganized Bank of America has been brought into the National Banking System, the Bank of Italy having already come into it upon the passage of the McFadden Act which, among other things, liberalized the National banking law.

Mr. Giannini has at various times taken over other banks which bore the name Bank of America, and it is expected that eventually the whole Bank of Italy group will be merged into one bank under the name Bank of America.

The stock of Bancitaly has experienced a spectacular rise in price, especially during the Corporation's most recent activities. It is now quoted at a price well over $200 a share. The par value of the stock is $25 and the dividends are $2.25 a share.

Bancitaly has made large profits during the long continued rise in the stock market, and especially during recent months. While the earnings have been large they have come to a great extent from increases in the value of the securities held rather than from interest and dividends on these securities. Some feel that this type of profit is not of a substantial enough nature to warrant the present high selling price of the stock.

It is furthermore pointed out that the market value of the securities held by Bancitaly is only about one-fourth the selling price of the stock of Bancitaly itself. The stock thus seems high to many investors. Mr. Giannini himself has pointed out that the stock was selling at a price greatly in excess of its book value. Yet the stock goes higher. Some of his opponents say that he is deliberately pushing it up and capitalizing on the way it has caught the public imagination. Others say that it is out of his control and that the public continues to buy it unreasoningly, believing that it will move to still higher levels.

In addition to the Bank of Italy and to the Bancitaly Corporation there are several other associated institutions. The National Bankitaly Company, formerly the Stockholders Auxiliary Corporation, was organized in June, 1917. It was formed for the purpose of transacting certain types of business which

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were prohibited to a bank. It deals in mortgages, insurance and other lines of business which tend to gravitate around a bank. The stock of the National Bankitaly Company is owned share for share by the stockholders of the Bank of Italy. As there are two million shares of Bank of Italy outstanding, so there are two million shares of the National Bankitaly Company outstanding. The shares of Bank of Italy have a par of $25 while those of the Bankitaly Company have a par of $10. The capital surplus and undivided profits of the Bankitaly Company amount to one hundred million dollars, which is one million less than that of the Bank of Italy.

Another Giannini organization is the California Joint Stock Land Bank, organized in 1919, which operates under the Federal Farm Loan Act. The particular business of this bank, which has a capital of about one million dollars, is the extension of long term agricultural credits, which are amortized gradually over a period of years.

Somewhat similar in purpose to the Joint Stock Land Bank is the Bankitaly Agricultural Credit Corporation, also with a capital of one million dollars. The purpose of this Corporation is to grant loans for a shorter period than those of the California Joint Stock Land Bank. Loans of the Agricultural Credit Corporation ordinarily do not exceed three years' duration, while loans of the Land Bank may run for thirty-three years.

Still another Giannini organization is the Bankitaly Mortgage Company. This Company which has been in operation only a few months, and which has a capital of $1,500,000, makes loans on improved real estate. It operates only in the larger towns.

V

The continued expansion of the Bank of Italy, as well as that of other banks in different parts of the country, makes it clear that the development of State-wide or nation-wide branch banking has not been stopped by the McFadden Act. In California there are at present eleven strong branch bank systems. The McFadden Act has, however, caused a shift from branch banking in its simplest form to what is sometimes called chain

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banking. In a chain system each bank has its separate capital, a separate board of directors and an organization distinctly its own. A branch bank, on the other hand, is an integral part of the parent bank, but conducting business under another roof. Chain banking operates through the holding company. Chain banking is not new, but already existed on an extensive scale prior to the McFadden Act. The declared policy of the Bank of Italy is not only State-wide but nation-wide branch banking. In fact, Mr. Giannini has gone still further and has opened offices in foreign countries. Through Bancitaly he has gone into the principal cities of Europe, especially in Italy, where over thirty banks are controlled. In this connection it is to be noted that the central bank of Italy, which also carries the name Banca d' Italia or Bank of Italy, has no connection with the Bank of Italy known in the United States.

Mr. Giannini's Italian institution, recently acquired, is known as Banca d'America e d'Italia. This bank was organized in 1912 under the name Banca dell'Italia Meridionale. The name was changed in 1918 to the present form. With its head office in Milan and with over thirty branches it is the third largest bank in Italy. In 1927 it had a capital of 200,000,000 lire (about $10,000,000). The Bancitaly Corporation owns, it is understood, about seventy-five per cent. of the stock of this bank.

Branch banking, while fairly new to the United States, has had a long and successful history in Great Britain, Canada and other parts of the world. It offers advantages over the unit system, which seem more than to offset the disadvantages. A bank which is a branch of a large system can withstand local distress which frequently would cause an independent bank to fail. The notoriously large number of bank failures each year in the United States and the subsequent loss to depositors has practically no equal anywhere else in the world. A branch bank is likely to have the benefit of expert banking knowledge to guide it, and the facilities of a strong and highly developed organization to call upon.

Banking in the United States is in a period of evolution, the results of which may eventually call for a substantial revision of the American banking system.

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WHY SIR WILFRED GRENFELL?

BY THEODORE L. BADGER

SOME thirty-six years ago, St. Anthony, on the eastern tip of Newfoundland, was a tiny fishing village with a few squalid shacks along the shore of its spacious landlocked harbor. Low hills rose behind it, and a massive headland sheltered the seaward end of its harbor. Few strangers found their way in from the ocean through the narrow winding "tickle", but for the northern fishing fleet it offered a snug security from every storm. Into this Sir Wilfred Grenfell first sailed in the summer of 1892, aboard his small ketch, the *Albert*, in which he had crossed the Atlantic earlier that spring.

In the two succeeding years hospitals were built, at the request and with the aid of authorities in St. John's, Newfoundland, at Battle Harbor in Labrador at the eastern entrance of the Straits of Belle Isle, and at Indian Harbor, two hundred miles north of this. They were the beginnings of the work that has continued. Some years later, St. Anthony with its fine harbor and more convenient location was chosen as the headquarters of the medical mission which in so short a time had made an imposing place for itself. Here a small wooden hospital was built, and in later years, as time and money could be found, more structures rose—workships, warehouses, the undenominational school, an orphanage, industrial shop, coöperative store, and power plants. The Mission drew new families, offered a new security for the sick, and brought work for many.

Since then it has grown and expanded, to meet the needs of the extended work. Now, in addition to its old cluster of buildings, stand the new orphanage and new hospital, fireproof buildings built largely by St. Anthony men. The new hospital is a perfect unit, with large sunny wards, spacious operating rooms, dental room, etherizing room, plaster room, good laboratories and comfortable quarters for the staff. Its steam fitting, electrical

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work and sterilizing outfits are modern and complete, the entire credit for which is due to two St. Anthony men.

St. Anthony has now become the centre for many other mission stations. There are other hospitals at Battle Harbor, across the Straits of Belle Isle; at Harrington on the Canadian Labrador, in the Straits; at Indian Harbor in Eskimo Bay; and at Northwest River at the bottom of Hamilton Inlet, the winter station of Indian Harbor. Each one is the centre of medical work for many miles of coast, and for the fishing fleets North in the summer. St. Anthony receives patients from the whole of Newfoundland. During the summer months and until the boats stop running in January, there is rarely a vacant bed, and even with the new hospital there is frequently an overflow into the old wooden building. About every week a coastwise steamer arrives bringing many patients. The dispensary then does a rushing business. All patients are examined, and those who do not need hospital care or operation are treated and returned that same day when the steamer goes South; the rest being kept on. No patient who needed care has ever been turned away from the hospital, and in the old building there was often little room to be found. Calls from distant coves and villages take doctors and nurses far over Newfoundland and down "the Labrador", and in the winter dog sledge is the only means of travel. There is need beyond all estimate for this medical work.

And one must not forget the *Strathcona II*, sister ship to the original *Strathcona*, which sank at sea after many years of strenuous sailing. This is the hospital ship which Sir Wilfred navigates each summer. A fine steam yacht, she is small, but well built. The old radio room beneath the bridge is converted into a dispensary, and, though only some seven feet square, has every inch well utilized and stocked with medical supplies for the summer's work. Aft, the main saloon is narrow, but with a balanced swinging table, like a binnacle, so level in any weather that racks are rarely used; and below decks, the rooms. There is no place to bunk the sick, for she is not large enough, and patients that need hospital treatment are temporarily cared for until one of the hospitals can be reached.

Then, too, one finds the other work and projects that the Doctor

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(for as such he is known throughout the Coast) has started and developed in these years of work—day schools, and summer schools taught by college students, child welfare, industrial work, farming, and the herding of goats, cows and reindeer. These have been attended with varying success, for some schemes are ventures and must necessarily not work out. St. Anthony goats, for one, are still a problem of some importance, for statistics leave grave doubt as to the value of their milk as against their devastating appetites. There are vicissitudes in their upbringing, and many are the carefully nurtured vegetable gardens of St. Anthony that have seen wholesale destruction by these unaltruistic beasts.

Nursing stations, placed in outlying districts as at Flower's Cove, White Bay and Conche in Newfoundland, and Forteau in Labrador, serve distant communities not large enough for hospitals. Here nursing graduates from the United States, Canada and England live the year round, covering the coasts for miles. These nurses seem to find much enjoyment in the work, for it has a romance and excitement not found in many places, though it is often perilous and lonely.

At St. Anthony and at Muddy Bar, near Cartwright in Labrador, there are two large orphanage schools, for children whose fathers have perished in storms that have swept the fishing fleets. Enough cannot be said for these orphanages, for in them are children who have had the best of education and training, in contrast to the meagre opportunities of other schools. To have been among these children is a privilege, for they are a great group. Many of them are lovely, bright, cheerful and capable, and unquestionably in them is the answer to the greatest problem of all—the future of Labrador. They are one of the most urgent reasons for the continuation of work on the coast. They represent, even though a small group, the nucleus that will be capable of taking over the problem of adjusting and handling their own affairs. They have the education, the upbringing, the background, the inspiration and the opportunities that have never before been the privilege of children of Labrador. It should be the beginning of a new heritage and one that should be extended and cultivated even farther, if work there is to continue. As in all

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other parts of the world, it is only with this younger group that we can hope for progress. These children of Labrador, brought up in the orphanage schools, offer the richest and most hopeful field in which to work. We cannot hope to keep those living there as dependents of civilization, but rather hope through education to teach these of the younger generation to be capable of carrying their own burdens and settling the final destiny of their own people. Labrador should become their own problem, and will, when they are capable of handling it.

The rigorous climate and long winters are a handicap to progress, but ignorance is open to approach, and education has its usual effect in Labrador as elsewhere. People will forever remain in Labrador, and it is Sir Wilfred who has shown them new horizons and possibilities for their own development. Two great economic resources have as yet scarcely been touched, water power and forests, while the third, fishing, their great source of livelihood, has suffered much from corruption in high places. Surely it is through the education of these younger ones that we may hope for the development and protection of these industries. If there is any future for Labrador, it is in these children, who vindicate the years of service already spent.

The Doctor does little surgery today, for his energy has necessarily been diverted toward channels of executive work, writing, lecturing, and elaborating new projects for development. Labrador is his Laboratory of Life, his field of experimentation, made possible by many loyal workers. It is the outlet for the guiding principles of his life. St. Anthony he has seen grow as the centre of work expanding far along the coasts, as a monument to his courage and devotion.

Today it is the *Strathcona II*—in years gone by it was the *Albert*, and the *Princess May* and the *Sir Donald*—which takes him to the farthest ports, practising medicine and surgery and carrying the Gospel of Christ. Today it is the *Strathcona II* with its trips for which he lives and to which he looks forward, for it is aboard her that he carries on the things that make life worth living. She embodies what life means to him and is the medium for realizing intentions, for achievement, for adventure, and for service. In his own words, "work, service, worship and

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play are the meaning of life. Each one is a great adventure, and so each trip of that small trig ship that he loves so dearly is an adventure.

Once aboard her, he is transformed. Life takes on a new freshness and vigor. The winds that toss that shock of gray hair above his strong, tanned face, bring back a youthfulness and enthusiasm for the new experiences that lie ahead. There is a rough simplicity in life aboard her which is closely akin to his own nature, and one can feel how much he loves it, and with what patience he has waited for it. There is hard work in it, comradeship with people for whom he cares a great deal, opportunity to carry help where it is needed, and a chance to play.

Each summer the *Strathcona II* goes out, stopping at little villages and hamlets along the way. The harbors are many and deep, offering a secure anchorage, and a genial hospitality to those aboard. In every port there is need for medical work, poverty, miscarriages of justice to be straightened, industrial problems to be solved, or new projects to be started. Navigation is difficult, charts almost worthless, with uncharted waters farther North. As master of the ship, the Doctor takes chances, to be sure, but it is rather that courageous spirit of adventure, that drive to push on, that carries him where other vessels dare not go and in weather when they ride at anchor. Occasionally his short cuts, tried with boyish delight, bring him hard up upon the flats or against a rock. Once near Cartwright, the sands held us tight. There was a fat Roman Father as passenger, who lacked that sound basis of religion which is the Doctor's—Faith—and who, on this occasion, lost what poise may ever have been his, and in fear and trembling flitted about the decks invoking the blessings of the Almighty. A half hour with a lead line, a rising tide, and a motor boat, saw us free once more; the Doctor, the wiser for this new addition to his charts, the Roman Father rather the worse for the experience, and the *Strathcona* intact. Often he goes far North, down beyond the Mission's active field, to the Moravian stations at Hopedale, and at Nain or farther. Here he navigates the vast inland waterways of that archipelago of islands, where fiords are deep between the mountains topped with snow above the dark green firs and spruce.

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Work fills the programme of each day. No matter what it is, he drives on with an untiring energy that tests the strength of far younger men. It never discomposes him. There are few things in the lives of the people of the coast that he cannot do as well as they, or better; there is no task which he avoids, no physical strain to which he does not willingly lend himself. There are long hours on the bridge, when navigation is precarious, and endless work into which he plunges himself with untiring enthusiasm.

But beside the medical care, the industrial work, the trading projects, the guardianship of justice, the economic thrift and foresight that Sir Wilfred teaches, he fills a great spiritual need in the colorless and desolate lives of many. He is the "beloved physician" of the people, and beyond all else, brings hope, sympathy, kindness and cheer to them. Sunday on the *Strathcona* is a day of rest, observed in deference to the customs of the people—no boats sail, no nets are hauled, no work is done, no steam is raised. Those ashore look forward to these days when the Doctor is among them, and he loves them too.

Almost devoid of a theology and of sectarian wranglings, he is unorthodox but with a fearlessness of conviction that Christ's teachings are the motive force in life, and the source of greatest happiness. There comes to mind a conversation with him of which one phrase stands out: "There is a difference between theology and religion: Theology is what one comprehends, religion what one does." So today, as always, he leads the life that Christ would have him, giving and serving with an intense devotion and faith. Sundays in the North mean much to him, for it is then that he comes closest to Him Whom he serves. There in some fisherman's hamlet, or, as he prefers in "civil" weather, high on some knoll above the sea, bare headed in the open, surrounded by the simple fisher folk, he comes closest to Him Whose teachings have been the inspiration of his life. No church, no ceremony, no throngs, no other settings bring from him the courage, the affection, the fearlessness, and the gentleness that are his. He himself loves these meetings, looks forward to them, and remembers them, for their rough simplicity brings new courage, and their nearness to Christ's own ways of teaching strengthens that Faith which guides each new adventure.

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But no picture of the Doctor or of his Labrador can be complete without that other, fourth and great principle of life by which he lives—Play. His athletic days at Oxford were many years ago, but even today he excels in sports, relishes each new chance to play a game, and admires, without reserve, the athletes of all times. And here again the *Strathcona* offers an outlet, an adventure in the field of sport. At Muddy Bay, near Cartwright, when all hands were tired from long hard runs, we slipped from our anchorage and sailed to the bottom of Sandwich Bay, where the Eagle River enters. There, after a mile of rapids, the river broadens into a wide deep pool with sluggish waters and a waterfall above. Such a day of salmon fishing—the integrity of the most honest fisherman would be at stake if the truth of that day's catch were told.

At Northwest River, the winter post of Dr. Paddon, the Montaignois Indians from Central Labrador come out, each spring, for supplies, and to meet their priest from St. John's. They are sadly in need of medical care, and their old chief is fast succumbing to tuberculosis. While there one of the Doctor's bursts of sportive genius broke loose, when he suggested that we revive the old White Man-Indian struggle as a friendly shooting match, between us and the tribe. There was enthusiasm on both sides, a moving target was strung up some two hundred yards off shore, and we let fire. It was a grand success, and the Doctor kept peace by an appropriate distribution of trophies. So he is forever alert for an opportunity "to keep his body fit and to excel in clean sport without neglect of work or patients."

Little more need be said, for the work which has grown and spread over Newfoundland and Labrador is itself the realization of a life of accomplishment. Labrador and Grenfell are synonymous. Labrador, a laborer's land, where his years of hard and strenuous work have been mixed with devotion and a will to believe that Christ's teachings are the Way of Life. He stands out as a figure beloved by those among whom he has lived, a man with courage, fearlessness, and determination, and one whose simplicity of mind and spirit has lent itself to those about him.

His humor ever delights those who are with him and brings color and refreshment into every day. His absent mindedness

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is fascinating, and covered with a genuine naïvety which cannot bring offense to others. Often he has chuckled over slips that might have brought only consternation.

And Lady Grenfell—her advice and wisdom and enthusiasm have ever been a support and encouragement to the Doctor. Her untiring energy has taken a thousand burdens from his shoulders and her hospitality knows no bounds. Together, what a great pair they are!

So through these years in Labrador, Sir Wilfred Grenfell has found greater and greater joy in living, and the fun of accomplishment has brought conquest with it. He may well be called "the best beloved missionary in the world."

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BLOOD MONEY FOR EAGLES

BY ARTHUR NEWTON PACK

President, American Nature Association

In all ages and among many nations the eagle has been proclaimed the king of birds. In the ancient mythology this bird was held sacred to Jove. As one who had dominion over the very seasons, and held in his grasp the lightning, it was fitting that this ruler of gods and men should have under his special protection this bird of the upper air, indifferent to cold, fearless of mien, master of all other birds. In early times the eagle, represented in various parts of the world by different species, was held in peculiar awe by many peoples, and was chosen as their national emblems. The Romans, following the example of the Assyrians or Persians, made it their ensign. More modern nations—France, Prussia, and others—also chose it to adorn their standards. So what more natural than that our forefathers, finding here a fine species peculiar to North America, should formally choose the White-Headed Eagle, called also from its shining head the Bald Eagle, to serve as our emblem?

The range of this magnificent bird, practically co-extensive with continental North America, helps to make it peculiarly suitable as a symbol for our people, for it exists in all our States, and therefore may come within the personal ken of every citizen. But so little reverence has been paid the bird that it is now scarce or practically unknown over great areas. Such a condition is probably inevitable in a country where settlement by cosmopolitan races, with all the conditions that go with it, has been so rapid as in our own, but we believe that history does not furnish another instance where a country or State has put a price on the head of the species chosen for its emblem. Yet such a state of affairs is present in Alaska, a section where the bird attains its maximum size and is more abundant than elsewhere, and where its habit of perching on conspicuous trees growing on the shores of pictur-

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esque inlets allows it to be viewed by many thousands who might not see one in all their lives in the older settled parts of our land.

In 1917 the Legislature of Alaska, relying largely on the testimony of a few persons who asserted that the diminishing supply of salmon was caused by the depredations of the birds, and that they were also very destructive to the young of deer and to other game species, passed a law placing a bounty on the eagle, to be paid on the presentation of the feet of the bird, and this law is still in effect. For the first six years the amount paid was fifty cents, but in 1923 the price was raised to one dollar. Up to August, 1927, the official records show that more than 40,000 of the great birds have been killed. For the present we will forbear passing judgment on one who would kill a bald eagle, the emblem of his native or adopted country, for so paltry a reward.

Now all eagles prey on other animals, and no one will contend that our bald eagle lives without killing. It is a powerful bird, and naturally its prey may sometimes include the young of a deer or a mountain sheep. It is well known, however, that the parents of our large game animals are very zealous in the care of their young, leaving them alone only under unavoidable circumstances, when they hide them very skilfully, and that they ably defend them from such attacks as cannot be avoided. That these defensive tactics are usually successful is attested by the comparative abundance of the animals, under natural conditions, in regions where, for ages, they have been exposed to the attacks of enemies. If eagles were unduly destructive to the young of deer, there would be few deer left in a section where these great birds are more abundant than in any other area in North America, and probably in the world. Then the appalling loss inflicted on the deer by the unusually heavy snowfalls of a few years ago could not have happened. And in accounting for the decrease of the deer, let Alaskans not forget the conditions existing in the territory only a few years ago, when the employees of the salmon canneries killed deer for their tables at any time they chose.

Eagles are notoriously heavy eaters of fish, but we believe that it has nowhere been denied that the bulk of those eaten in Alaska are dead or dying fish that have worn themselves out in the struggle to fight their way to the spawning grounds. It is a well-

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known fact that the salmon fisheries have been over-exploited for many years, and that the blame for the continued scarcity has been laid to the depredations of various creatures, gulls, terns, sea-lions, seals, and now—the eagle.

It is a well-established principle that no species of bird, mammal, or fish can maintain its normal abundance in the face of long-continued commercial exploitation. Nature presents a vast assemblage of species of varying characteristics and habits, some preying on weaker species, some protecting, others eating their enemies, and all linked into a vast interdependent system. Some of these species man has already so nearly exterminated that he can never hope to learn exactly what were their relations to the rest of the universe. To the serious student of wild life no phase of human activity is more patent than man's tendency to blame some other creatures for depleted conditions that he has brought about by his own destructive methods. There is a regrettable fashion of jumping to conclusions, and urging the wholesale destruction of supposedly injurious creatures without any adequate preliminary study of the factors in the case. This tendency is unfortunately all too prevalent in our treatment of many of our most beautiful and useful species, and leads to many notable abuses. Much of this is due to a reluctance to interfere with established methods of business that came into being a generation or more ago, when the impending decline of many of our most valuable species, valuable from both commercial and æsthetic considerations, was unsuspected. Let us consider briefly a few more or less concrete cases, bearing in mind the principle that no species can stand continued commercial pursuit.

A high Government official urged that our people eat more fish in order that foods that can be more easily preserved and transported might help out in a national emergency. Fishermen along our southern coast reported that the pelicans were destroying our food fishes, when the shortage is really due to overfishing. A widespread demand was fostered for the extermination of the alleged despoilers, and thousands were killed even on reservations set aside for their exclusive protection. Then investigation was made of the feeding habits of the persecuted birds, and out of many thousands of fishes that had been eaten by

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the pelicans only twenty-seven individual fish of species sold as food were found, and even these were of the cheaper and less desirable kinds. The unjust slaughter has largely ceased, but since bad reports gain volume faster than good, there still exists in the minds of many thousands of people the conviction that the pelicans are responsible for the scarcity of fish.

The herons are eaters of fish and other inhabitants of the waters, and occasionally individual birds do much damage about hatcheries, where artificial conditions have resulted in vast numbers of small fish being readily accessible. So it frequently happens that herons, as well as kingfishers and certain fish-eating ducks and grebes, must be destroyed. This has resulted in one instance in authority being granted for the killing, at any time anywhere in a great State, of the members of about ten species of birds specifically protected by an international treaty. These birds need not be doing any damage to be killed. What may not be the possible effect on the minds of people who see this destruction of beautiful birds whose protection was deemed so desirable that an international treaty was entered into for their benefit?

To cite a less specific example, we may point out the terrific destruction of our fur-bearing animals, which have been so mercilessly slaughtered to supply a commercially-guided demand that a number of them are on the verge of extinction. Were steps taken to encourage the protection of these animals, and if only the surplus were taken each year, there could be no reasonable objection to the harvesting of this natural crop. But beyond certain seasonal restrictions, which are but poorly enforced, no curb is put on the cupidity of the trapper or dealer. The inadequacy of such protection may be illustrated by a suppositious case. If there be a hundred individuals of a species in a given area, and ninety of them are taken, it can make little difference whether the period of slaughter is three or six months. The progressive rapid decrease of all of our fur-bearers is admitted by those most concerned, but is it attributed to over-exploitation? No; and it would be amusing, were it not so serious, to listen to the supposed reasons for this decrease. It is laid to disease, drainage, floods, destruction of forests, natural enemies, inadequate legislation, and what-not, but there is not a word about the

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influence of the dollar. As a matter of fact our game birds and animals are yearly decreasing with probably no exception. The cause is over-killing in the name of sport. And what is "sport"?

But we have apparently wandered far from the Bald Eagle, the bird that nearly a century and a half ago our forefathers selected as the emblem of a country that had just declared its independence. There are those who point out that all the attributes of the eagle are not noble, that he sometimes robs his neighbor or descends to carrion. But we must not expect a bird to possess all the ideal human virtues. In nature each species is in competition with others. The eagle, it is true, at times, robs the fishhawk. But this makes the hawk swifter, so that he can sometimes escape the eagle, and if he loses his catch, he can the more easily get another fish by virtue of the training.

And let us not forget that nations, like birds, need other qualities besides meekness. While admitting the eagle's faults, we still believe in him as an emblem. Who is not thrilled by the sight of an eagle soaring high in the blue heavens? We believe that the fathers made a wise selection when they picked this majestic bird to serve on our banners and shields. Of all our States there are only a few that do not protect him throughout the year. And even those whose fault after all is only one of omission do not pay a reward for his destruction.

Let us hope that the Legislature of Alaska will be moved to repeal this law that puts a price, even a small one, on the head of our National Bird. If a few thousand eagles have in the past been standing in the way of Alaska's development, may we not hope that, now they are dead, the waning industries may revive? Let us be a little more careful that fewer salmon are thrown out on the tide for lack of preserving facilities. If, perchance, we find an eagle casting sheep's eyes at a lamb, or looking with longing at a baby fox, let us drive him away, or if necessary, kill him red-handed. But let us not, for fifty cents, slaughter and throw away such a creature as this bird of the upper clouds, a bird the sight of which is an event to ninety-nine per cent. of the people of the land he represents. Let us allow him an occasional fish, or a duck or a fowl, not only in Alaska, but all over our land. Let us hold his image in reverence not only on our coins but in our hearts.

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CRIME—A CRITICAL ANALYSIS

BY CORNELIUS F. COLLINS

Judge of Court of General Sessions, New York

DURING the last few years, great public alarm has been experienced in this country with regard to crime. Although there have been lacking substantial statistical data to prove it, there has been a widespread feeling that there has been a grave increase in lawlessness. Statements that "America is the most lawless nation in the world" and that "Crime in this country is overwhelming the people and submerging our very national institutions", are some of the typical exaggerations which have appeared in the public prints. Governmental cognizance has been taken of the situation. The National Crime Commission was created, and commissions in the various States were appointed by the Governors and the Legislatures. Among these bodies the National Commission and the Commission of the State of New York, known as the Baumes Commission, were outstanding.

According to a report of the National Commission, the working objectives of these commissions were "to go over the weak spots in the judicial armor of the different States and obtain legislative enactment of statutes which would remain after the crime excitement itself had subsided". Unfortunately there has followed on the heels of the crime wave agitation "an orgy of drastic penal legislation". In reviewing the work of the various crime commissions, the American Prison Association points out that "an index to widespread public concern is the statement prepared from legislative records in forty-two States, showing that there were 2,261 amendments to the penal codes introduced, 587 of which passed and less than twenty were vetoed by the Governors. It can be said with certainty that much of this legislation is punitive." Such action, the review continues, "is frequently referred to as an effort to put 'teeth into the law' and represents only one side of preventive effort, and too often neglects a con-

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sideration and study of the more deep-rooted reasons for the existence of crime."

Out of the so-called "crime wave" of the near past has come the attempt from some quarters to place the responsibility for that disturbing condition upon the newer, more humane scientific methods of dealing with offenders. Unfortunately for this reasoning, however, the alleged crime wave was no respecter of locality. States having the most restricted and repressive laws were visited; States having the determinate sentence, and States having the indeterminate sentence, with liberal provisions for parole, were also visited. States having probation laws with efficient administration and States having probation laws with inefficient administration, or lack of any attempt at administration, were likewise visited. Crime and disorder were rampant throughout Italy, France and England, and yet these countries have never been accused of coddling criminals. There was an increase in crime in Canada, and yet probation is practically unknown in that Dominion.

During the last two or three years, crime news has been given prominent attention in the public prints. A striking robbery or murder played up in the public press is taken by the average man to be certain proof of an enormous increase in crimes of violence throughout the nation. In some instances the presentation of crime news seems to have been guided by a pandering to the sensational rather than by devotion to an ascertainment of the facts. Newspapers also have displayed a tendency to blame the modern methods of criminal treatment for the alleged increase in crime. They have written freely of the "coddling of offenders", quartering of prisoners in "palace prisons", general "jail deliveries" through the operation of parole laws, and the "soft treatment" afforded criminals on probation. As Dean Pound and others have insisted, we have as yet no adequate criminal statistics in this country. Hence we do not actually know whether crime is on the increase. However, notwithstanding this fundamental situation, wide publicity has been given to the thought that there is a crime wave and that stringent legal measures are necessary for its repression.

A fair example of this view is to be found in the recent message

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of a Governor to the Legislature of his State, in which he said: "Misdirected sympathy and the highly developed expertness of penologists, reformers, and the parole advocates, who have lost sight of the rights and protection of the public and concentrated on the rights and reformation of the criminal, have aided to increase crime."

Approving this statement, a widely-read newspaper adds: "What the Governor says on the subject in general is what many other persons are thinking. Not all the blame is to be placed upon the coddling of prisoners or the easy terms of obtaining parole. Much of it rests upon judges and prosecuting attorneys, but most of it can be placed squarely at the door of an outworn system of criminal jurisprudence . . . and another thing which is needed—and what at last seems to be on the way—is a quickening of the public sense that the present struggle against crime is war—war against a resourceful and implacable enemy who must either suppress or be suppressed."

What has been generally described as a "crime wave" in this country has had more to do with the nature and manner of the crimes committed than their number. It may be said that the volume of crime, collectively speaking, was not such as to justify great alarm, but the nature and audacity of the crimes of robbery, with their attendant violence, involving murder in many instances, were astounding. It was the sensational character of crime that gave it its terroristic effect. Holdups in large cities like New York were of a nature previously unheard of, and their audacity was unparalleled. Robberies in large places of business in broad daylight, in the most populous sections, were powerful justifications of alarm. As Dr. Kirchwey has well said: "Robbery is the crime wave." With the automatic gun and the automobile to insure a quick getaway, and with the newspapers dramatizing every detail of every holdup, one might express wonder as to why there have not been more depredations of this nature.

Can it be truthfully said that the criminal outbreaks of the nature which occurred throughout this country had as their proximate cause the failure of the legal machinery for the protection of society? Let us examine the facts.

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The first step in the administration of the criminal law is to catch the criminal. Whether he is to be treated in the light of modern knowledge and scientific methods, or punished severely without thought of the future, is a secondary consideration at this stage of the proceedings. The first lines of social defense are the police departments of the country. They constitute the civic armies of peace. Society must depend upon their adequacy and their efficiency for the orderly conduct of its affairs. Many localities throughout the country have failed to provide an adequate police force in both number and quality for their protection. The most startling thing in any discussion of the crime problem is the small number of criminals who are caught by the police. Here we have a situation of fundamental importance. If our agencies for the apprehension of the anti-social are ineffectual, the very foundation stone of our legal structure is threatened. The reports of the National Crime Commission have devoted a great deal of attention to this situation, and they point out that unwise considerations of economy in this connection are the height of folly, and cannot be too severely condemned. Dr. Robinson, one of the secretaries of the National Commission, has very aptly stated: "The public must recognize that the police, the District Attorneys, the Court, the prison and reformatory institutions, probation and parole officers, are all parts of one great organization for the protection of society from crime."

Often police departments do not pursue vigorously enough the obtaining of evidence to establish the guilt of offenders, and are too apt to rest content with the arrests of malefactors. Greater effort should be expended in the preparation of the case by the police than is generally the practice, especially in the obtaining of the necessary legal evidence. The tendency is to place too much dependence upon the prosecutor. In some cities this situation could be met by better coöperation between the police and the prosecuting officers. Energetic coöperation between the police departments and the District Attorney is of vital importance.

"The very heart of the criminal process," says Arthur V. Lashlay, one of the able contributors to the Missouri Crime Survey, "is the prosecuting office." The District Attorney is the counsel for the people of the State. He is the pivotal force be-

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tween crime detection and crime punishment. If this office is ill equipped either in number or capacity, to say nothing of integrity, disaster from the standpoint of public safety is inevitable. By reason of improper or inefficient legal management, a criminal case can fail before the Magistrate, the Grand Jury or the Petit Jury. The compensation provided for the prosecuting attorneys has been so small as to make it impracticable for lawyers of experience and ability to accept the office. No progress can be made toward improvement in the administration of justice until effective attention has been given to the better organization and equipment of the agencies of the police and the District Attorney, those indispensable legal outposts for social protection.

The immemorially cherished institution of trial by jury has been attacked severely by those critics who find in our administration of law the causes for the alleged crime increase. Nothing, it would seem to the writer, could be more unjustified than affirmative action on the drastic recommendation of jury abolition. An institution so highly prized by our fathers as to be classified among the most important provisions of our fundamental law, Federal and State, and frequently boasted of as "the bulwark of our liberties", could not be interfered with without dire results.

At times there have been miscarriages of justice by reason of the action of juries. On the whole, however, trial by jury in America can be said to have stood the test of time as an institution making for the administration of justice to the satisfaction of a free people. Judges of experience in criminal cases know that on the whole substantial justice is done both to the people and to the defendant in trial by jury. There is, however, room for improvement in the jury system. Many citizens, often those who are too ready violently to condemn the shortcomings of government, are shamefully neglectful of their obligations of jury duty. The calibre of our juries would be immeasurably improved if some of our worthy citizens would serve upon them instead of evading this sacred responsibility. Judges and lawyers would welcome any measures tending to improve the jury system, but the lessons of history teach us that it is a safe and sound instrument of justice.

The trial of a defendant charged with serious crime should be

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characterized by dignity, fairness and a calm pursuit of the truth, not only that substantial justice may be done, but that public confidence in our tribunals of law may be safeguarded. In recent years some of our most important criminal trials have become public spectacles. The press intrenches itself in the court-room *en masse*. The camera man, the special writer, the popular author, the prominent actress, a notorious divorcee, or almost any person in the popular eye, take upon themselves the responsibility of informing the public of their opinion on the guilt or innocence of the accused, and of the conduct of the case. A well known humorist recently related the story of the lady who was accused of shooting her husband. "Have you an attorney?" said the judge. "No," replied the fair defendant. "Who is to represent you?" said the Court. "The tabloid press," replied the gentle murderess.

Of course there can be no suggestion that the press should not publish the facts of criminal trials, but some effort ought to be made to discourage that ultra-sensationalism in newspaper writing that interferes seriously with the impartial weighing of the evidence as to the guilt or innocence of the defendant, and tends to arouse a morbid state in the public mind toward the crime and the criminal. This form of newspaper reporting is contrary to the public good. In many important trials, gruesome and salacious details have been so enlarged upon as to become nauseating to the right-minded. Frequently when a trial has resulted in a conviction, sensational newspaper publicity has aroused such a maudlin sympathy for the guilty individual as to be most disturbing to the orderly execution of the sentence. In the Chapman case, for example, after the conviction of this "robber and killer" was sustained by the Appellate Court of the State and the Supreme Court of the United States, the District Attorney was portrayed by a sensational illustrated newspaper almost in the light of a murderer.

On May 10, 1883, Joseph Pulitzer, who reëstablished *The World* of New York City, stated the policy of that paper as follows: "An institution that should always fight for progress and reform, never tolerate injustice or corruption . . . always remain devoted to the public welfare . . . never be afraid to attack

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wrong." Most of our newspapers have lived up to this high ideal of public service, and a large number of our dailies are guided by high-minded policies entirely devoted to upholding justice and the law. But the fact cannot be ignored that the press in some instances has abused its great power, which unquestionably has tended to increase the gravity of the criminal problem.

The proponents of modern, sane and progressive methods of dealing with criminals hold no brief for the criminal and make no special plea for him. They are interested primarily in protecting life and property and in preserving peace and order, but they do not believe in undue and indiscriminating severity which has failed to suppress crime through all the ages, and which has at all times bred more crime than it has cured. Their purposes are constructive. They are not mere meddlers with the enforcement of the criminal law. Their aim is to understand the criminal and the causes underlying crime. They believe that there are all kinds of criminals just as there are all kinds of sinners who have not been apprehended, and that there is no inherent difference in mental and moral endowment of criminals as a class that makes it hopeless to undertake their reclamation.

Crime must be approached intelligently, scientifically and psychopathically, and not in the spirit of vengeance and stupid retaliation. The current theories of retribution and revenge must give place to organized study and treatment of individuals.

The careless and inaccurate use of the terms "probation", "suspended sentence", and "parole" has resulted in many instances in probation being unjustly criticized. These terms are not synonymous and cannot with accuracy be used interchangeably, for in the laws of New York State they have acquired specific meanings. Probation is the term used in connection with the conditional release of an offender without imprisonment but under the supervision of a probation officer, for a definite period of time, and for the purpose of reclaiming him from evil courses. Suspended sentence is the release of an offender without any supervision. Unless the offender is again arrested the court does not know whether its leniency has been abused or not. It should know! The use of the suspended sentence without probationary oversight is a pernicious practice that ought to be corrected.

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Parole is the term used in connection with conditional release from a reformatory or penal institution after an offender has served a part of his original sentence.

The work of discrimination, investigation and reformative supervision of delinquents is largely carried on outside of the prison by the systems of probation and parole. These are modern methods of individual treatment which have shown good results wherever properly administered. Today there is danger of their coming under the general condemnation of any treatment that looks like leniency. Neither method properly administered means letting off the offender. They are in reality an extension of supervision and punishment. Probation is neither soft sentimentality nor an evasion of punishment. It is not a slack and loose procedure, but a well defined social case work plan of discipline and correction.

No less an authority than President Coolidge has stated that "Probation is the right hand in the administration of justice." In the Court of General Sessions of New York City, a complete study of the crime and the life of the criminal is in the hands of the judge before sentence. This pre-sentence study of the delinquent prior to judgment represents a marked step forward in the administration of criminal jurisprudence.

Preliminary or social investigations made by probation officers are not made to secure evidence as to the guilt or innocence of a person accused of crime. These investigations are made solely to obtain unbiased information which will assist judges to decide whether convicted adult offenders are suitable for probation treatment or should be committed to correctional institutions. When preliminary or social investigations are made, the judge has information, checked and verified, regarding the past criminal record of the offender, his personal and family history, his character, habits, associates, environment, his mental and physical condition, and the mitigating or aggravating circumstances of his offense.

It is an interesting fact to be noticed by those who are critics of probation on the ground that it "encourages" leniency, that in New York County, where probation is probably most highly developed and most completely administered, the rate of sus-

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pended sentences is the lowest in the State, somewhat more than half as high as in the rural districts where probation is least highly developed. The explanation is that the probation staff in New York County is used liberally for investigation and advice *before* the suspension of sentence, and that its advice to grant the suspension of sentence is given with careful discrimination.

During the last fourteen years in New York State, 206,298 persons were discharged from probation; 78.5 per cent. completed their probation terms without committing other offenses and were honorably discharged, while 10.9 per cent. were arrested for violating probation or for committing other offenses and were imprisoned. Only 4.9 per cent. escaped from supervision.

The system of parole for offenders released from correctional institutions has received more criticism in New York, as in other places, than has probation. This is partly due to the fact that serious crimes are committed by men while still on parole. If parole means a shortening of the prison sentence and the release of men to continue in crime, it deserves criticism. If, on the other hand, parole means continuance of the supervision by the institution after release and an effort gradually to adjust the offender to normal life in society, it should be highly commended. This is the purpose of parole, hence the system itself cannot be objected to, but only its faulty administration.

With the seriously defective who cannot withstand the temptations of life in society, and with the habitual offender who has no intention of reform, treatment must be different. Probation is not applicable in either case. The institution is required. Most judges, if given the proper machinery for determining mental defects and for the full investigation of previous records, personality and social factors in each case, can be counted upon to use the power of probation properly.

Almost without exception it has been found that the bandits who had been terrorizing the country had served one or more prison terms. They were graduates of our reformatories and penal institutions. Sending these men to prison did not cure them. Longer prison terms, as was proposed, would not do it. For the protection of society and the solution of the crime problem, we must strengthen every available method of reforming the

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offender in and out of the institutions. Most important of all, we must begin with the young, giving the greatest attention to the early and first offender, and we must discriminate between the different types of delinquents appearing in our courts.

It is a truth as old as Beccaria and Howard, over a century ago, that it is not the severity but the celerity and certainty of punishment that give it its power to deter and repress criminal action. A fatal mistake is made when there is an attempt to utilize cruel severity as the sole weapon to combat criminal action. In the history of crime and punishment there is written in letters of fire the truth that savage punishment defeats its own ends. No one prescription such as long term sentence or severity will cure the evil. The question is not so much whether we are coddling criminals as it is of the extent of our realization of the magnitude of the problem, and the necessity of bringing to its solution humanitarian principles and scientific methods. More important still is the aim at prevention which is the latest development in society's war against crime. In the meantime the best things we can do are to organize and equip better the police and the offices of the District Attorney and to provide the courts and all of our institutions dealing with delinquency with clinics and an adequate staff of well trained probation and parole officers, and give to those who administer these agencies greater powers of scientific discrimination in order to bring about individual treatment, not falling back to the old way governed by rigid laws and "feelings".

No crisis has ever arisen in America that our people were not able to meet. There can be no question of the capacity of our people to protect themselves in the fullest measure from the encroachments of the anti-social, while at the same time vindicating their high standards of national civilization.

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IS DIVORCE THE WAY OUT?

BY CORINNE ROOSEVELT ROBINSON

At a dinner not long ago, my companion on one side, who was about thirty-two, turned to me, knowing me intimately, and said:

"Frances, my wife, has decided to go abroad for a little trip, and I don't like it."

"Why don't you like it?" was my reply.

"Well," said my friend, "I *don't* like it. I have done my best to show Frances that I want to make my married life my first thought. I have always come straight from the office to my home. I never go to the club unless for special occasions, and I have gotten into the habit of going home to see the children and Frances. If the woman goes away, the man easily loses that type of habit. It is very easy for a man to get into the way of stopping at the club. It is pleasant. There is always someone there—a game of bridge is nice—and one soon finds that that habit has become stronger than the other. Also, an 'extra man' is always wanted, and life becomes a different type of life the moment a man's wife leaves him. I don't like Frances to go. I am very fond of her."

"How long does Frances mean to be away?" was my query.

"Oh, about five or six weeks," answered my companion.

"Don't you think that a man could perhaps hold on to a 'habit' for five or six weeks?" I asked.

"Things change very quickly," he answered; and I then decided to question him a little further.

"Frances has had three babies in about six years, if I remember rightly," said I. "And during that time you have been a hard working and successful business man, have you not?"

"Yes, I have given much time to my business, for our future depends on it."

"Well," said I, "you must remember that although you have worked hard, although business is onerous, there is always inter-

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est in it, there is always contact with others, there is always the excitement of the job, of the goal. You must remember also that during those six years, life for Frances has been a good deal circumscribed. Her horizon, unlike yours, has been narrowed rather than broadened. Nursery walls have kept her somewhat 'cabined and confined', and for a young woman, no matter how devotedly she may love her children, such a life leaves certain things to be desired. *You* would not think anything of going on a shooting trip for five or six weeks, nor would you feel that you were exposing Frances to unfortunate habits if you had to take a business trip for five or six weeks. I am therefore inclined to feel that Frances, too, deserves her little holiday, *if*—and this 'if' is vitally important—*she does not prolong her stay away from her family*. I cannot help feeling that for so short a period as six weeks a man can use his will power to prevent him from losing his admirable habit of homegoing from business, and if Frances loves you as I am convinced she does, she will be eager on her return to make that habit more delightful to you than ever before. In marriage, the give and take is perhaps the most important part of the transaction, and it is equally important to learn when to loosen the reins and when to tighten them, both on one's self and on one's life companion."

"Oh, I agree with you, up to a certain point," said he. "And I would not *tell* Frances that I don't like her to go away."

"There," I replied, "I think you make a mistake. I think you should tell her just how you feel. I think you two should talk it over together and if, after thrashing the situation out, you still 'don't like it', I am inclined to feel that Frances would not like to go."

"But," he replied, "I don't want her to stay because she thinks I am opposed to her going. I want her to stay because she *wants* to stay."

"That is a perfectly right attitude," I replied. "But you know we are all human. *You* want to stay with Frances unless a shooting trip turns up, and then, though you still want to stay with Frances, you also want your shooting trip, and your underlying devotion to Frances cannot, I think, be materially injured by a few weeks in the Rockies. Frances, in the same way, wishes

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to stay with you, and would rather have you *wish* her to stay than anything else in the whole wide world, but she, too, is human and, offered suddenly a few weeks abroad, with new sights, no babies, no housekeeping, it is natural for her to want *her* 'hunting trip'. It would not be right for her to take it if any deep rift could possibly be made within your lute, but it seems to me that your lute should be strung for a *brief* time at least—remember I say it *must* be brief—in such a way that no rift could come between you."

After dinner Frances came to speak to me and told me of her proposed trip and I said to her much that I had said to him, adding, however, at the end, that a fine man's devotion was always worth a sacrifice.

In approaching the subject of divorce, the incident that I have just related bears upon it in more ways than one. There are various reasons for the appalling increase in the number of divorces.

The first reason that comes to my mind is that, in late years, there is so much more possibility of perpetual motion. In the old days, before the motor, and the telephone, there was much more stability in home life, and without stability, home life cannot exist.

The second reason for the increase in divorces is the fact that a larger number of young couples have wealth, and wealth, with married people, allows greater independence of each other.

The third and perhaps most vital reason is because of what is called "Individualism". Individuals were always individuals, but the cult of "Individualism" has increased to such a great degree that the theory of "Self Expression" has become an art all its own.

I believe in self expression, but I believe also in the perfectly demonstrable fact that each personality is linked inextricably to those with whom he or she has cast in his or her lot; and that each individual, through her or his influence on those who are close to them, affects or is affected by them in such a manner as to make it impossible to express himself or herself to the exclusion of the interests of the immediate circle. No *one* human being can say "I will stand alone; I will express myself," without taking into consideration the effect on others produced by such an attitude.

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Perhaps of all qualities that most stressed in the life of the greatest Teacher of all time is responsibility toward others. Christ says we *are* our "brother's keeper".

Taking then the three reasons for the increase of divorces in the United States (I read the other day that in Chicago the average number of divorces was twenty-three a day!), let us see how this tendency can be combatted, and also if it seems best to combat it.

As far as perpetual motion goes, I think the motor has been a source of great pleasure and, of itself, has been a most desirable adjunct to family life. On the other hand, the possibility of always rushing somewhere brings with it its corresponding danger.

In *Alice in Wonderland* the famous Red Queen announced to Alice that one had "to run as fast as one could, to keep in the same place"! Given the motor, the proposition takes on another angle. One can be, through it, in so many different places in quick succession, that the temptation to run even faster than one *can* run becomes irresistible.

The telephone makes it possible to make the sudden engagement, the motor makes it possible to fulfil the sudden engagement, and in a brief moment the whole plan of a quiet day is turned into an orgy of restless unfocussed energy; and "home life"—where is it?

As a second cause for divorce, I suggested the larger means of a greater number of young couples. It is so much easier to be independent if one has money in one's pocket. The husband and wife who have to work out their budget together, who have to think pretty carefully before they take this step or that, are of necessity more dependent upon each other.

Not long ago, I heard of a charming young couple in whom I took interest as being at a certain dinner. After dinner, the pretty young married woman turned to her husband and said, "Are you going to Mrs. Clark's dance tonight?" "No," he replied, "I am going to Mrs. Jones's dance." "Well, I am going to Mrs. Clark's. Shall I send my motor back for you?" "No, thank you, I have mine here, so do not trouble."

I remember that, on being told of this conversation, a little sadness crept into my heart and a prophetic instinct made me see

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these two young people going such different ways that there could be only one end—the end which came within a very few years.

Everything that tends to a lack of *inter*dependence, tends toward loosening the ties which go to form a stable family life.

As the third reason for more frequent divorces, I mentioned "Individualism". Individualism is not the same thing as a lack of interdependence. One is positive; the other is negative. The wife who says, "I must express myself," has frequently a perfect right to express herself as long as she does not do so by sacrificing something more important, such as her relationship with her children and her husband.

Talents should not be hidden under a bushel, but even the development of talent should be weighed against the great fundamental values, should the one clash with the others.

The best attitude to be taken in married life is that it is a *partnership*, and that each partner has to make a success of it. No two men going into partnership fail, each to take into consideration the qualities of the other. The object of the partnership is success. The success of the venture is too little considered in married life. Nothing in the world is worth having that is not worth working for, and no success is achieved without sacrifice.

A beloved relative of mine impressed me deeply in my youth, by telling me many times that *Love* was a talent.

"If you have a gift for music," she used to say, "can you expect to keep that gift, if you never use your voice in singing, or your fingers on the piano? Love is the same. You must *use* it to keep it perfect. You must use it in daily life. You must practise it all the time."

Many divorces come about from the fact that it never enters the brain of either of the people concerned to *practise* love. They seem to feel that love is a curious condition that just "happens". You fall in love, you marry, and that is all there is to it. If love does not stay, it has nothing to do with you. Love never will stay unless a good deal of effort, a great deal of intelligence, much sympathy, and an even greater amount of sacrifice, are put into the desire to make it lasting.

I would say, therefore, that to prevent divorce, one must make life as interesting and as stable as possible. The two things

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sound contradictory, but they need not be so. Realize that you have entered into a partnership and that you naturally should take pride in the success of that partnership; and realize, also, that the fundamental beauty of a lasting relationship between husband and wife, and parents and children, which relationship is the foundation of the nation, should be *worked* over, to the exclusion even, of complete "self expression".

All this does not mean that divorces should never take place, but that divorce should not take place in a thoughtless, selfish, irresponsible way. Divorce, itself, is at times a necessary thing.

First, let us take the case where there have been no children. Childless couples, who find that certain qualities or circumstances make mutual life most trying and distasteful, have, it seems to me, a right to part, and to rebuild their lives in other ways.

The case is very different where children have been brought into the world. The other day a little child said, "It is very sad for a little girl when her Mummy and Daddy do not live together." It *is* very sad, and often entirely unnecessary. Divorces are much like wars. They come about from such little things, sometimes, and if, as with wars, the "Powers" concerned could sit down around a table and discuss the question in point, many wars and many divorces would be averted. So often the effort is not made to keep together. Nothing is sadder than children who have no home life, and next to the children who have no home life are to be commiserated those children who are passed from one parent to another. Can the children of "part time" be potentially as good citizens as those who are the children of "whole time"?

Whether marriage need be regarded as a sacrament or not, it seems to me that it should be approached with reverence and dignity, and time and serious consideration should always be factors in divorce.

There are only a few great fundamental values. Love and honor and unselfishness and patience are some of them. If in debating the possibility of separation the couple concerned could carry into those differences the realization of these values, many probable divorces might be avoided.

It is often said that children are better off if the parents are

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separated than if they have to be subjected to seeing the irritable and loveless relationship between their parents. If, for the good of the children, the parents have decided to try to retain an unbroken home life, they could and should exercise a certain amount of self control, courtesy and friendliness in the home.

Divorce should be the last resort. I cannot lay too much stress on the steps that should be taken to avoid that last resort. One of those steps should be compromise; not the compromise of principles, but the compromise of methods and manners. Another step for prevention of divorce should be willingness to accept responsibility. Happiness, valuable as it is, cannot be the goal in itself. Joy and pleasure are the handmaidens of duty and responsibility rather than the ultimate aim of life.

In married life, each member of the partnership must avoid the desire to exercise *possessive* love, although individualism may, equally, be carried too far. The right of individuality is sacred to the human heart. Too great possessiveness may irk a man or woman into revolt, just as too great personal independence may break the habit of *inter*dependence, without which no union can endure.

Kahlil Gibran, the Syrian poet, in *The Prophet*, says of marriage:

> You shall be together when the white wings of death scatter your days;
> Aye, you shall be together in the silent memory of God.
> But *let there be spaces in your together-ness*,
> And let the winds of the Heavens dance between you.
> Love one another, but make not a bond of love:
> Let it rather be a moving sea between the shores of your souls.

My brother, the late Theodore Roosevelt, has been called the "typical American". If that be true, let the youth of this day and generation ponder on what it means to be typical of our great country.

It meant, in the case of Theodore Roosevelt, to make a strong body out of one that was frail; to glory in hard work and the joy of achievement; to share all that he had and all that he was, with others, with a view towards making his beloved country a better place for *all* to live in; and beyond and above all else, it meant, with him, to hold in deep reverence the ties and duties and de-

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lights of family life, for he believed that family life, and family life only, was the foundation and safety of our nation.

As a delicate and ailing boy of ten, homesick beyond measure in the midst of travels in Europe, he writes in his journal: "I thought of each happy home time, counting nuts by the kitchen fire, picking the nuts in the morning wind." And again: "I was very sick last night and mamma was so kind, telling me stories and rubbing me with her delicate fingers." And then: "I had a sociable time with Mamma and Papa."

Suppose that same "Mamma" and that "Papa" had decided to indulge in "individualism" or "self expression" to the exclusion of their little sick boy, had given him no "sociable times *together*", would not something have been lost out of the character of the man who later tried to do for his children what his parents had done for him, and who in the *Letters to His Children* penned perhaps one of the most exquisite idylls of family life?

May the youth of America not only feel that Theodore Roosevelt is the typical American, but may they be inspired through his example to lead the type of life he led! Would there not then be fewer divorces, even in Chicago?

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TRAVAIL IN TRAVEL

BY RUTH S. BROOKS

JUST as untold numbers of us, due to some inexplicable urge, begin to thumb the garden catalogues when they make their mid-winter debut, so others of us, equally buoyant, pore over the fair promises of the travel bureaus and steamship companies, weighing the inviting tours depicted there alongside our bank account, attempting to find one somewhere near the balance. (The European tour is, I think, the only known commodity—call it necessity or luxury as you like—which is not sold on the instalment plan; five dollars down and so much a month for the rest of one's natural life. An oversight surely!) One glance at their gala covers, their alluring headlines, and my mind plays truant, winging off to take a bird's eye view of previous travels and fellow travellers. It compels me to admit, whether I would or no, that as a nation, travelling is not our forte.

It is a proverb, of somewhat doubtful accuracy, to be sure, that whatever Americans undertake they believe in doing with all their might, in accordance with the Biblical injunction. It is so with travelling. For the most part, we make a business of it; but that, too, is typically American, for we make a business of all our pleasures! We apply rules of business efficiency to our travel, and we discover in the end that what was undertaken for pleasure has turned out close akin to hard work. We are so afraid we may miss something! If there is anything to see, we want to see it no matter how tired we are or how short the time. There are many forms of gluttony in the world beside the one usually connoted by the term. The gluttonous sight-seer is just as intemperate as the glutton of food and drink.

The personally conducted parties are of course much to blame for the general pace, but the individuals cannot pass scathless, for we feel that we are not getting our money's worth unless we visit every church and museum from the North Sea to the Mediter-

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ranean, regardless of the time at our disposal. We are blind to the advantages of knowing a few places well, of staying long enough to find our way about and to feel at home in some European town. Nine out of ten of us make the return passage freighted with banal purchases and hotch-potch of kaleidoscopic impressions which will never come clear. Such travelling as elicited the following answer when I asked an acquaintance if she had seen the Holbein Gallery when she was in Basle. She looked a bit blank for a moment, then brightened and said, "It was there and I was there, so I must have seen it."

If only the verb "do" might be stricken from the traveller's lexicon! We "do" the hill towns of Italy, the châteaux of France, the cathedrals of England! Motors have only increased the possibilities of "doing". Nowadays we run quickly from one cathedral to another, "doing" perhaps three or four in a day, a pace easily possible in England and in northern France. The result is much the same as when two exposures are made on one film—a blur. We so constantly rush from city to city and from sight to sight that it recalls the remark a small boy once made to me about his mother, little realizing what a damning phrase he used. "Mother," he said, "always wants to be where she isn't!" If one wished to generalize on Americans as travellers, that seems an apt description!

While we were lunching one day last summer at the old Inn in Glastonbury, a prosperous looking limousine pulled up, disgorging a family of five—father, mother, and three children. They were shown to a table next us, so that we could not help hearing the conversation. The son, a lad of twelve or thirteen, said, with a groan, "We've seen every blooming cathedral in England!" "Yes," his mother replied blandly, "and you'll have to see every one in France before the summer is over." I confess, in spite of a decided penchant for cathedrals on my own part, to a downright sympathy for the boy!

This sort of thing almost convinces one of the advantages of the now old-fashioned mode of travelling by train. In fact, there is much to be said in its favor. In the first place you do not attempt so much in twenty-four hours, there being finite limitations such as railroad time-tables to which you must submit. Let us

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suppose, for example, that you wish, while in Paris, to run down to Chartres for the day, granted it is all too short a time. If you have a motor at your disposal you reach your destination after a delightful ride across the plains of La Beauce, driving directly to the Cathedral, since that is what you have come to see. You go in, you walk about, you "oh!" and "ah!" over the glass and discover that it is nearly time for luncheon! Someone (perhaps it is yourself) suggests that now that you have seen Chartres, it really is a pity not to take in Rambouillet on the way back, and that possibly, if you had luncheon a bit early, you could "do" Mantes too.

You have seen Chartres, you say! But have you really seen her? Have you, by any chance, distilled a drop of her rare essence, caught a spark from her fire? Did you, perhaps, on your way to the Cathedral, stop at a little inn, where the peasants were gathering,—it being market day,—and have a bowl of *café au lait* and a *brioche* to reinforce the *café au lait* and crescent with which you started the day? Did you sit awhile in the open air, dazzling bright—(one chooses a sunny day for Chartres and her glass)—waited on by a bashful little maid, listening to the chatter and gesticulations (for one *can* almost hear them) of the market people as they unload their produce from the high, two-wheeled carts; or help some dignified *grand'mère* to alight from her lofty seat? All this while those two so beautiful spires nearby speak of what is still in store! And, once inside, did you pause long enough to lose yourself in the jeweled mystery of the windows, so that, literally, you came away breathing a sigh of gratitude and reverence for the miracle of their loveliness (proof tangible that miracles *are!*) and with a burning admiration for the age which could will such beauty into being? Did you feel some comprehension of Henry Adams when he said that Chartres was the finest thing left in this world?

Steep and narrow streets to wander in! Old, old houses, here and there, helping us, almost like a lightning flash, to picture what it was when the Cathedral was young! The overwhelming view of the spires, from the river far below, as it flows serenely between its fringes of decrepit buildings and cottage gardens! One wants more, in these towns which have such marvels for their hearts,

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than to see just the heart itself—just the Cathedral. It is necessary to see something of its surroundings, sense something of the spirit which long ago created it.

Probably, you who motored, *did* have the indescribably good luncheon at the marvelous little café, where such touches were given the spinach as took it out of the realm of the mundane and where omelettes were things to dream on! For us who came by train, the time-table prevented any sudden telescoping rearrangement of plans in order to include another sight or two on the way home. We were free until five o'clock to explore such treasures as the Fifteenth Century *Maison du Saumon*, and that gem of mediæval carpentry, the outside stair built for *la Reine Berthe*, with still an unhurried last hour for the Cathedral, when every line of our earlier impression was etched deeper and made permanent.

One day in February, I was walking briskly up and down the platform of the little station at Pæstum, revelling in that wonderful setting, the blue of the Mediterranean, and the encircling mountains, waiting for the only train back to Naples, when a man —an Englishman—started a conversation. It was plain he wanted to talk, wanted someone to whom he could pour out his feelings. He fell into step with me and began: "I'm jumpy," he said, "jumpy. I didn't want to come to Pæstum today, but I *had* to get away from my hotel. I was staying at S—— in a delightfully quiet place. Yesterday the Berengaria, or some such, docked for a few days in Naples, with a lot of rich Americans on board for a cruise; sixty of them with forty guides invaded my hotel. The guides made so much confusion, trying to prove how necessary they were, examining the rooms, the food, putting their charges to bed and getting them up, that I fled—any place to get away." I sympathized with the poor man, well knowing the propensities of my countrymen when they come in swarms!

No, there's no doubt that as a nation we don't know how to travel. We know how to get the things that money will buy (as a rule), but beyond that we do not go. There is little comprehension of travelling as a fine art—of seeking effects of contrast as you would in any good picture, or, to use the language of the cookbook, of seeking a balanced ration. The great majority of

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travellers feel that they have only time for the so-called important things, museums, galleries and the like. They have a ghastly sort of over-conscientiousness, deeming it a waste of time to follow any frivolous bent. By frivolous, I mean such wholly nice things as the *patisseries*, the antique shops, the markets, the unhurried saunterings into any inviting street that offers; the fascination of shop-windows. They are really far more important than they seem, these things and others of kindred sort; for how can one picture the life of the people without some understanding of their surroundings? And, as a matter of fact, they give excellent opportunities for improving one's taste. At the moment I am not referring to the cake shops! Antique shops invariably offer a jumble of good and bad. Try training your eye by this process of selection (taste after all *is* selection), so that you can separate at a glance the gold from the dross and learn, at the same time, no end of history and something of its setting. If you are told that a piece of silver is *Louis Quinze*, a bit of tapestry *Louis Quatorze*, a table Jacobean, the chances are that you will be interested enough to acquaint yourself with their approximate dates against further need. It is a fair game, this study of antique shops, even when you are not intending to buy, for you never know what may turn up. By doing only the cut-and-dried and usual things all chance of adventure is practically eliminated, for adventure still waits in the most unexpected places!

Only last summer we were spending a fortnight in Canterbury. To be sure, we might have visited a dozen cathedral towns in that time, but what an adventure we should have missed! From the Cathedral we drifted into the public market. Anything in the guise of a market is always fascinating! Flower markets—I can smell them as I write; "Spanish Steps" banked high, little stalls in Siena with their flame wild tulips and fragrant stocks, the Marche de la Madelaine—all as vivid in color and perfume as the day I last saw them! We sauntered through the Canterbury market, examining the flower booths with envy for the number of things which they grow and we do not, passing by the meat and vegetable stalls with an interested glance, feeling sure that whatever the dinner joint might be, we were certain to make the acquaintance of one of the cabbages, and came upon a lot of used

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furniture, with a sprinkling of antiques. There, on a golden-oak bureau, was what looked to be a large Greek vase! The man handed it down and said that he had bought it at a country-house sale six weeks before. It stood some fifteen inches high, broad in proportion. We hesitated, thinking it an absurd thing with which to burden ourselves unless we were convinced of its being genuine. This, sanity forbade, since it was without blemish, not a chip or a crack! Furthermore, the artistic member of my family, having numerous classical friends, did not wish to be the brunt of their jokes over such a purchase. However, the idea of it pursued us! Throughout the remainder of our stay we cast furtive glances at its exquisitely drawn figures as we passed by. On our last day we succumbed. Each stiffening the other's resolution, we sought out the stall, trembling with anxiety for fear some one had been before us! But no! We purchased it for seventeen and six, packed, feeling all the while a bit sheepish about the whole transaction. In London, we decided that we'd make sure just what we were taking home, so we consulted the curator of Greek Vases at the British Museum. His verdict was, as soon as his eye fell on it—a genuine vase of the late Fifth Century B.C., by an Athenian artist; an excellent example of the period! Not a bad investment—and an adventure worth having!

And the cake shops! Nothing can so quickly take away the fatigue of brain and body that dogs the traveller's footsteps! I suppose the properly serious person would be horrified at the number and variety of *patisseries* which I bear clearly in mind, not to mention the vivid recollection of their wares, from the spicy *pan forte* of Siena to the ethereal candied fruits of Avignon, the apricots and plums, and most beautiful of all, the small golden melons which must surely be the lineal descendants of the apples of the Hesperides!

It is wise to plan for contrast and change on a more extensive scale, too. After a bout of city sightseeing, of museums and galleries and churches, make a break by going to some interesting small town and settling down for a while, seeing absolutely different things, where you can get closer to the people and their ways than is possible in a great city; a view *intime*, as it were. After Naples and Rome try a few days at Perugia, and a fortnight or

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three weeks at Siena, before you go on to Florence. Don't feel that it is only the great places which have anything to offer. They are choc-a-bloc, these little cities, with quaint and unusual sights. (Their mediæval character is less changed, far, than in the cities of importance where the stress of business and affairs has necessitated modernization.) For example, late one afternoon, while walking through a narrow stone street in Perugia, we were met by a delicious smell of herbs and roasted meat. Then two lads appeared, one pushing, one pulling, a cart with a spitted calf, still sizzling. The cart was provided with a huge wooden dripping-pan underneath, so evidently it was no uncommon thing. It smelt so good that we could think of little else until dinner! Perugia is absorbing at dusk, with its many bake-houses where one sees men firing the ovens with boughs, leaves and all, which make such a fat and crackling fire, setting the dark street aglow. A jolly sight!

And Siena! No words are good enough for that wonderful view from the windows of the Pension Sacarro, down over the terraced vineyards and peach orchards, the latter changing from deep pink of buds to a cloud of rose as the days wore on, to the old city wall of mellow brick, with the valley and mountains beyond, the loveliest view anywhere about. The whole countryside invites to enchanting walks, proffers unending delights along your path; grape hyacinths in such quantities that they appear to be bits of fallen sky, so blue are they; knots of star of Bethlehem; scillas white and blue, orange calendulas, jonquils and tulips—these latter among the wheat; *tromboni*, the children call them. "Hawthorn hedges hung with snow," cherry and mimosa everywhere!

One sees the people about their work, washing and gossiping at the very *Fonte Brande* which Dante tells of, or in the market, bargaining over a squirming rabbit, held up by the ears for inspection, or examining a basket of snails, its occupants busily crawling about, heads out and horns up. On the Sunday before Easter, after the blessing of the palms and olive branches in the cathedral, I saw an old peasant woman, down in the vineyard on the slopes below my window, tying a spray of these same olive boughs to each row of vines, to ensure an abundant harvest!

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Such a place as Siena is full of interesting things to see and to do—to see and to do with ease.

Speaking of museums, how some of us do behave in them! It was while looking at the marvellous altarpieces by Duccio in the *Opera del Duomo*, there, that I first came to realize how many people see with their fingers—how many who must touch with their hands before seeing with their eyes! One person after another paused to look, and to rub his fingers over those incomparable panels! Veritable St. Thomases! During a single visit I counted five. The guards were to blame, of course, and a thing so precious should be under glass, but equally of course should travellers learn something of the etiquette of travelling!

By the time you have stayed in Siena two weeks, and have seen the *Palazzo Publico* in every possible light, perhaps by good luck seen it illuminated for a festa with oil flambeaux blowing in the wind, and have visited the Cathedral two or three times each day, and possibly again at night have walked in the great piazza under its wing, so to speak, your impressions fuse into a consistent whole, the individual glimpses drop into their proper relation to one another, and you carry away a living, breathing image in mind and heart.

The beauty of such travelling, of tucking in an interesting small place between the great ones, is, that you are perfectly fresh and rested to begin again. Florence has all the charms you expected of her, and more. Then after Florence and Venice, possibly Milan, choose some spot in Switzerland and settle down again. Lugano is perfect for the purpose. Such walks into the high valleys, with snow capped peaks on every side, such armfuls of narcissus, forget-me-nots, heartsease and lily of the valley, all the steep hillsides a-trickle with melting snow, old women toiling up and down with baskets of manure on their backs, to enrich their bits of garden; children climbing home after school; you see life as it is! Even the myriad attractions of Paris and London are shorn of their power to weary one so fortified. To those who say, "But we can't spare the time to settle down a week here and a fortnight there," the answer is, attempt less, have faith in the *next* time, save something for that; leave a nest-egg, as it were, to lure you back again.

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AIRSHIPS *VERSUS* AIRPLANES

BY ARTHUR R. BLESSING

COLONEL LINDBERGH'S famous non-stop flight to Europe is easily the outstanding milestone in aviation's steady march of progress. This young aviator's skill and daring have helped to make him one of the world's best known citizens. Yet thinking people recall distinctly the fate of so many other courageous flyers who started so hopefully but who have finished so tragically. Long distance flight is undoubtedly in the sporting stage of its existence and as such cannot be blindly condemned. However, in order to survive as a definite phase of transportation, the vision of it as a commercial success always must be kept in mind.

All scientific developments are the result of painstaking research and study, and the rule of necessity causes the elimination of many nebulous theories. The development of transportation is no exception to this rule, and where passengers are to be carried, speed counts more and more. New means of transporting people supplant old ones simply in accordance with economic law. This law, whether interpreted economically, scientifically or sociologically, must square with the principle of utilitarianism, and this means the survival of the fittest.

Aircraft now seem destined to play a greater rôle in the pageant of civilization than any other mode of conveying persons and property from one place to another. Transoceanic travel in particular will have to be considerably revolutionized, and there is little question that in order to compete at all successfully with aircraft, steamship companies will have to pool their resources, both technical and financial. Even now, one American firm is about to establish a fleet of liners designed to cross the Atlantic in four days. Lord Thomson, a British air expert, in his book *Air Facts and Problems*, states the proposition as follows:

> Regular airship services should be established across the North and South Atlantic during the next ten years. With these, once the safety and con-

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venience of airships have been demonstrated, the great shipping companies will be forced to combine, and a new, and eventually world-wide, industry will come into existence, whose economic effects will be as far-reaching and beneficial as those which followed the application of steam power to sea-craft.

Thus it would seem that a definite choice must be made as to the most practicable medium of long distance air travel. While all aircraft enthusiasts vociferously praise their own favorites, in the end the travelling public will decide. Any permanent commercial success in the transportation field depends upon the "paying load". Right there is the crux of the whole matter. No business can last if it does not at least pay expenses, and capital will not be forthcoming to develop aviation unless there is a reasonable profit in sight eventually. While mail and express can furnish some revenues to the air carriers, passengers must be attracted and held in order that air transportation may compete successfully and survive. For most persons, travelling in the air is rather revolutionary and a spirit of "air-mindedness" will have to be fostered; just as we have acquired "automobile-mindedness" and "radio-mindedness".

For the most part, persons considering transportation by air will naturally turn to airplanes, the craft with which they are most familiar. But are airplanes the most satisfactory? Will they attract the average traveller? Are they stable enough to span oceans and continents? Can they command a sufficient "paying load" to justify their existence economically? These are questions that will have to be answered satisfactorily before airplanes can hope to compete favorably with other means of covering long distances.

The airplane's greater speed is of course recognized. Where human beings are concerned, no other method of mechanically eliminating space has yet been developed that can rival the airplane. However, great as this advantage is, it is only one qualification, and several things must be taken into consideration from the practical point of view. A few of these items are: relative safety; comfort of passengers; costs of maintenance; and the general efficiency. As a business proposition, the problem of long distance air transportation would seem to be much better solved by airship than by airplane.

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As a piece of mechanism, an airplane is little more than a very high powered automobile with the mudguards extended laterally to provide surfaces for lifting itself off of the ground. Obviously there is required a tremendous power to accomplish the lifting of the airplane and the consequent suspension in air at a sufficient speed. According to experienced aviators, considerably over fifty per cent. of an airplane's power is used up in keeping the machine in the air. High speed must be maintained or the pull of gravity will overcome the airplane's efforts to hold its course.

Light weight Diesel motors are being perfected that have succeeded in reducing the weight to two pounds per horsepower developed. Even so, there is no diminution of the excess power needed to sustain the airplane, and the cost of this excess power may represent the entire margin of profit. Airships on the other hand escape this handicap and the resultant saving in power costs will undoubtedly be a large factor in determining which type of craft can succeed commercially.

As the size of an airplane increases, its relative efficiency decreases, for at any given speed, the motive power required is directly proportional to the weight of the airplane and its load. Also the "paying load" that an airplane can sustain in flight has been found to be less in proportion to the gross weight as the size increases. In long flights, such as transoceanic or transcontinental, the weight of gasoline is a most important item. Obviously this must be carried in order to keep the motors running; but in consequence, just so much of the "paying load" must be sacrificed. In Colonel Lindbergh's flight, approximately half of the gross weight at the start consisted of the gasoline supply. Thus it can easily be seen that the airplane is really not in its own medium at all. The combination of struggling against gravity and the high engine speeds necessary to prevent stalling tends to defeat possible economies in other ways. And economical operation is a necessity in any branch of transportation.

No doubt it will be argued that birds and other flying creatures are heavier than air also. That is true, but evolutionists claim that birds sprang originally from reptiles and now are terrestrial and arboreal by nature. It is probable that birds got into the air to keep from being devoured by other animals on land. For the

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most part, bird flight is for relatively short distances, and the same can be said of flying squirrels and flying fish. However, a crude analogy shows that no heavier-than-air machine can ever be developed that will exhibit the same relative propulsive power that a trained carrier pigeon produces. Assuming that a pigeon's gross weight is two pounds and it flies at an average speed of forty miles an hour, there is derived a unit of twenty miles an hour a pound. Compare this with Lindbergh's airplane which flew over midocean at an average speed of three one-hundredths of a mile a pound.

Consideration of aircraft costs of construction and operation sheds much light on the economics of the situation. While it is true that construction costs of airplanes are very much less than those of airships, the high speed engines necessary in the airplane greatly increase maintenance charges. Imperial Airways, Ltd., running from London to Paris, has found from experience of several years that maintenance and overhaul of engines absorb forty-four per cent. of their total running charges. Although reliable airship figures of a similar nature are almost impossible to obtain, it is pretty evident that charges for engine overhaul are considerably less. Airships can idle their engines or stop them entirely and still float along.

The modern three-motored planes used on the London to Paris route require sixty horsepower a passenger at full load. On the other hand, the new British airship, *R-100*, scheduled to fly to the United States during 1928, requires forty-two horsepower a passenger at a full load of one hundred passengers. This comparison would seem to bear out the contention that there is considerable power wasted in airplanes that does not have to be expended in running an airship. In the United States, fairly reliable figures can be obtained from the Air Mail contractors. But here again the airplane does not exhibit remunerative profits, and at that, short distances are covered which would seem to be the airplane's most profitable traffic. *The Aircraft Yearbook* for 1927 is authority for the following:

> Of the Air Mail contractors, two have suspended as each found it impossible to stretch income to equal costs. It is encouraging to note, however, that each has announced the intention of resuming operations again during 1927. Other

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contractors, able to meet losses out of capital, are continuing. One line is actually making expenses and a fair return for capital, after allowances for depreciation, while one or two others have developed revenue equal to operating costs.

Returning to the point of view of passenger traffic, the principal question is that of safety, at least, that is apt to be the first thing a man thinks about who is making ready to "hop off". Human beings are land animals and do not naturally take to the air. This is a fact that all aircraft transportation companies must recognize. Only a few persons, relatively speaking, are natural flyers. If the average man is to be persuaded to book passage by air, he must be transported with an absolute minimum of unfavorable reaction until he has acquired at least a certain amount of "air-mindedness". Right here is a deep psychological drawback that as yet airplanes have not been able to overcome. The knowledge that in an airplane a stalled motor or an incapacitated pilot might mean sudden and sure death, deters the layman from entrusting his life to it. This uncertainty may be partially overcome if a new wing slot device is perfected, which is designed to prevent nose dives and tail spins. However the constant pull of an airplane coupled with the deafening engine noise and vibration do not add to the passenger's peace of mind, and his reaction to every phase of the flight is a determining factor in the creation of the all-important "paying load".

In *The Scientific American* recently appeared a most pertinent paragraph on the subject of airplane noise:

> At a conference of the National Advisory Committee on Aëronautics, and also at a meeting of the Royal Aëronautical Society, the question of noise was stressed as all important in commercial aircraft. We will quote the remarks of a speaker at the London session: "I recently had the experience of flying in both the *Hampstead* and the *Argosy* (two big three-engined passenger planes used by the British Imperial Airways) and would say definitely that neither can offer the comfort one gets in an old Ford. As for the noise, I made every possible use of the cotton wool so thoughtfully provided, but that did little good. . . . Furthermore, there is an engine attached to the nose of the machine and one on either side of the body. The one on the nose makes you aware of its presence by the vibrations it transmits to the passenger cabin, and especially if there should be any irregularities in the firing of the cylinders."

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The airship is the only true ship of the air. Although this is a trite saying, a moment's reflection will show that the airship is in its own medium and that it is the only type of aircraft of which this can be said. Just as a large ocean liner floats on the water, an airship floats in the air, and it moves so steadily that there is not even a suggestion of sea-sickness. The absence of noise and vibration is a large factor in considering a passenger's reaction upon leaving *terra firma*, and the smoothness of operation almost equals the fabled magic carpet.

A poll of advertising would show that probably ninety per cent. of travel publicity literature stresses ease and comfort, whether in railroad trains, steamships or motor cars. The travelling public has been educated to expect the maximum in this respect and it is very doubtful whether the average passenger will ever be contented within the confines of an airplane for more than three or four hours. Aircraft will be compelled to compete with other modes of transportation, and in the final analysis will have to offer comfort first and speed second. Even so, with airship speeds of eighty to one hundred miles an hour, competition with trans-continental railroads will not be serious. Furthermore, so far as speed is concerned, there will be no comparison with the forty-mile-an-hour fast ocean liners. The rigid airship is the fastest large conveyance that has yet been developed.

Without doubt, the weather plays a large part in the operation of aircraft, and much meteorological research remains to be done in order to facilitate and maintain regular passenger traffic schedules. Heavy winds in particular must be watched, and in this connection most persons will recall the destruction of the *Shenandoah* in 1925. An official Court of Inquiry investigated this accident and the consensus of opinion was that if there had been more experience in the construction and also more extensive knowledge of the operation of airships, the disaster would probably not have happened. The court concluded that "although it is indicated that a rigid airship such as the *Shenandoah* can probably be destroyed through external aërodynamic forces in unusual meteorological conditions, such a conclusion does not, therefore, throw doubt upon the safety and utility of rigid airships, to a materially greater degree than does the fact that other

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types of craft for navigation in the air or on the water are likewise subject to destruction through unusual dangers which cannot invariably be foreseen and provided against."

To show the ability of these airships to ride out gales, two instances will suffice. In January, 1924, while at her mooring mast the *Shenandoah* tore off her nose-plate during a seventy-mile blow. Although partially disabled, she fought the elements for nine hours and made her way back to her hangar against the storm. A British airship, the *R-33*, which was not designed for mast mooring, broke away during a heavy gale but returned safely after fighting it over the North Sea for about thirty hours. The experience gained from these two incidents shows that more strength has to be placed in the airships' nose fittings and also in the mast head machinery.

More proficiency in airship piloting will greatly decrease accidents due to weather troubles. When Dr. Eckener brought the *Los Angeles* to this country from Germany in 1924, he obtained information of a storm, and turning northwest near the Azores kept that course until near Newfoundland. From there he was able to keep the storm at his back and utilized it by flying down the coast at eighty miles an hour with his motors idling.

In dealing with motor troubles, the airship has a tremendous advantage over airplanes. Any or all of the airship's motors may be stopped or repaired and the craft will float until its propulsive power is again available. It is obvious that if the airplane motors stall, seconds count; there is practically no time to act in emergencies and the plane must land to the best of its ability. The navigating officer of the *Norge* in Amundsen's recent book, *First Crossing of the Polar Sea,* tells in the following words why an airship was chosen in preference to an airplane:

> When the various difficulties that might be encountered on an expedition like this were taken into consideration, it was quite clear that an airship was preferable to a flying-machine. With regard to safety the point is this, that an airship floats in the air even if all the motors should fail and there is no necessity to land. If necessary, considerable repairs can in part be effected whilst the airship continues to be driven by the remaining motors. Thus on one occasion one of the cylinders on the starboard motor was dismounted. Time after time we congratulated ourselves that we were on board an airship and not in a flying-machine.

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As yet, the initial cost of a large rigid airship is very great in comparison with that of the average size passenger airplane. However the combination of expert research and probable quantity production promises much in the reduction of construction costs. The ability to produce large airships will result in a double advantage. As the size of the airship increases, the "paying load" also increases. The opposite is true of an airplane.

Inasmuch as the "paying load" is likely to be the most important item in commercial success, an examination of loads already carried on this type of aircraft may well prove enlightening. In 1917 a German airship flew over four thousand two hundred miles from Bulgaria to East Africa and return with a military load of ten tons. This flight stood as a non-stop record until 1924, when the *Los Angeles* was flown from Germany to the United States, a distance of about five thousand miles. On this initial trip, the latter airship carried about twenty tons of freight, exclusive of fuel and oil; however, its total disposable load is rated at forty tons. Great Britain is finishing a new airship, the *R-100*, which will have a capacity of one hundred persons and ten tons of freight at a cruising speed of seventy-five miles an hour. Germany likewise is rushing to completion an airship, *LZ-127*, half as large again as the *Los Angeles*, with a "paying load" of sixteen tons. Thus 1928 in all likelihood will see Great Britain and Germany in an airship race across the Atlantic. Incidentally, it may be noted here that no airplane has ever yet succeeded in crossing the Atlantic ocean from Europe directly to the United States, although it has been done successfully twice by airship.

The worst single enemy of airships in the past has been the hydrogen lifting gas, which is highly inflammable. However, the use of helium gas has banished the fear of explosion or fire, as helium is entirely non-inflammable. The United States is most fortunate in possessing the only known source of helium that can be produced in any quantity. While its cost is relatively high, quantity production is tending toward a more reasonable price level. Besides, chemists maintain that they have been able to extract helium from hydrogen and from air in laboratory experiments. One of the most promising means for reducing airship costs is in the newly developed substitute for goldbeaters' skin.

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As is well known, the gas cells in a rigid airship are in large drum-shaped sections placed transversely, similar to bulkheads in a battleship. In order to retain the gas, which is so diffusible, goldbeaters' skin has to be used. This material, made from the intestines of cattle, is scarce and expensive. Recently, however, the United States Board of Standards has succeeded in producing a new fabric that is lighter in weight than goldbeaters' skin and, more important yet, is of a lower permeability. This fabric can be made for less than one-half the cost of goldbeaters' skin, which, in a large airship, amounts to about one-ninth of the total cost.

In airship operation, one must necessarily take into consideration the landing fields and their maintenance. Formerly when the airship had to be pulled to the ground and "walked" into its hangar, a large force of manpower had to be mobilized; but this is now obviated by the use of mooring masts. The latter may be correctly termed "aerial docks" and can be operated by as few as ten men. The hangars are thus comparable to a steamship's drydock and the airship moves from one mooring mast to another with an occasional visit to its hangar for repairs.

Recently the *Los Angeles* landed successfully at sea on the broad deck of the new aircraft carrier, U. S. S. *Saratoga*. This feat shows that it is possible greatly to increase the radius of operation of an airship and should serve as an impetus to transatlantic service, as refuelling at sea can be done if necessary. This would allow airships to carry a much larger "paying load", as they would not have to carry so much heavy gasoline. This weight of liquid fuel is a burden for all types of aircraft, but is relatively a much greater handicap for airplanes than for airships. However, the Germans are perfecting a fuel gas for airships that has shown remarkable results in the latest tests. This gas is stored in cells and is of the same weight as air, so that as it is used up, air displaces it with no change of the total weight. By this means, the new German airship *LZ-127* will be able to save about thirty tons, thereby more than doubling her carrying capacity of freight. Incidentally this important weight-saving scheme cannot be applied to airplanes as now constructed.

Another distinctive advantage of airship navigation is the ability to descend to a low altitude and at the same time greatly

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slacken the speed without any danger whatever of stalling or making a forced landing. The scientific value of this power was very well demonstrated in the two North Pole flights in 1926. In the immediate Polar region, Commander Byrd flew his airplane at an altitude of three thousand feet, and after circling, returned to his base at Spitzbergen. On the other hand Amundsen in his airship, the *Norge*, flew at an altitude of about seven hundred feet and cruised around the vicinity for nearly two hours. Obviously much more scientific data could be gathered in the airship. During the solar eclipse in 1925, the *Los Angeles* maintained a steady speed of only forty-four miles an hour at the time of totality, thus greatly aiding in the taking of correct observations. One more instance will suffice to show an airship's exclusive value to humanity. In December, 1927, when the Grayson airplane was lost, the Navy sent out the *Los Angeles* to help in the search. The commanding officer of the airship was reported to have said that it would be possible to go low enough and slow enough to drop a rope ladder and rescue Mrs. Grayson.

Airship projects are now in preparation in both Europe and America. Great Britain in particular is developing a very comprehensive airship programme, designed to cover nearly all parts of her empire. The subject of air communications was thoroughly investigated by the Air Ministry, and their findings were laid before the Imperial Conference of 1926 in a report called *The Approach Towards a System of Imperial Air Communications*, from which are taken the following quotations:

> After the war, it was realised that, unlike aëroplanes, airships were particularly adapted to long continuous flights over large distances, and that they were likely to prove of special value to the British Empire, the different parts of which are separated by great oceans. . . . When this experimental programme has been successfully completed there can be no doubt that airship design and construction will have been placed upon an entirely new and more practical basis; and the way will then be clear for carrying out the further experiments which are required to establish the practicability of regular airship operation throughout the Empire.

The first unit in the airship programme referred to above is the new large dirigible, the *R-100*, which as already stated is expected to fly to the United States in 1928. This one and its sister ship,

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the *R-101*, will be approximately twice the size of the *Los Angeles*. They are designed to carry a hundred passengers with nearly all the amenities of life one finds on a modern steamship. With a radius of four thousand miles, the *R-100* will develop a speed of seventy-five miles an hour. Due to the prevailing westerly winds encountered over the Atlantic Ocean, this craft should be able to fly from New York to London in forty-eight hours with a full load of passengers. In the matter of time-saving, airship travel between England and India would save ten days; between England and Australia, seventeen days; and between England and Canada, three and one-half days.

Most persons naturally wonder why it is that airship development seems so far behind that of airplanes. It is another case of *C'est la guerre*. At the beginning of the World War, airship transportation was considerably more advanced than was the airplane. But military needs demanded speed and quick manœuvrability, and the result was that all the research and experience went into airplane design and the neglected airships never really had a fair chance. It has been estimated that of all the money spent up to date on aviation, ninety-five per cent. has gone into airplanes. Everything considered, it is remarkable that the airship has done as well as it has. It takes much research, money, and experience to develop such elaborate mechanisms into practical commercial successes. Only last September the National Advisory Committee for Aëronautics appointed a subcommittee on airships, although this official governmental body has been in existence since 1915. However, there is hope that in the many technical schools, airship study and design will soon come into its own.

There is little question that, as the commercial possibilities of airship transportation are realized, more interest will be taken in this type of aircraft and more financial aid will be forthcoming to promote its development. Just as new methods of travel in the past have forced back the frontiers of the world, just so will airship communication push them back still further and thereby improve the status of mankind.

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HOKUM OF THE INTELLIGENTZIA

BY CATHERINE BEACH ELY

ALMOST all varieties of hokum have been enlarged upon in current literature except the Hokum of the Intelligentzia, who offer the most fertile field for this product—a field all the richer because it has been so exclusively the property of the super-minds. We shall apply the spade to the large flourishing field of hokum which modern intellectuals produce, and we shall hold up for inspection a few of the most luxuriously flaunting specimens of the hokum cultivated by them to get the applause of their audience.

First Specimen of the Intelligentzia's Hokum: The Middle Class is Thickheaded and Hardhearted. It is reiterated and reëmphasized by sophisticates of the present day in the many forms of print to which they have access, that the Middle Class is bigoted, prosaic, unimaginative, commercial, inartistic, vulgar, unprogressive, domineering, crude—in short that the bane of the nation is the obnoxious Middle Class. Not one of the simon pure intellectuals has a good word to say for this deplorable stratum of society which somehow obstructs the magnificent parade of America's *Illuminati* toward their promised land. It is implied that were it not for this opaque and stolid Middle Class, the Intelligentzia would shine in undiminished glory upon an enraptured world.

But when we examine this offshoot of the modernized cerebellum—this idea about the stupid Middle Class—we wonder how the concept attained such flourishing dimensions. A large proportion of the world's greatest statesmen, painters, writers, actors, poets, and musicians came from this Middle Class which is thoroughly berated by the hard-driven intellectualistic pen. Shakespeare, Milton, Keats, Dickens, Hugo, Balzac, Whitman, Schiller, Beethoven, Handel, Gainsborough, Corot, Columbus, Lincoln, Booth, Patti, Jenny Lind, Edison, Pasteur, and a host of other remarkable men and women somehow emerged from

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this stodgy Middle Class so irritating to the modern Intelligentzia.

In this same despised Middle Class, the butt of every intellectualist, originated many of the great historical progressions—the Christianizing of the Western World, the Renaissance, the Reformation, the abolition of American slavery, the origin of printing, the spread of popular education, pioneering and exploration, the growth of medical science.

Second Specimen of the Intelligentzia's Hokum: The New has value merely because it is new, and the Old is worthless merely because it is old. Only new-born ideas wrapped in swaddling clothes and brandishing red fists are admitted to the hospitality of our Intelligentzia. If the idea is old enough to cut its teeth, it is looked at askance, and if it attains sufficient maturity to get a wisdom tooth, "away with it," cry the intellectuals, averting their faces in order not to gaze upon the, as they see it, doddering idea. No matter how deformed, sickly and repulsive an idea may be, if it is sufficiently infantile, it arouses the enthusiasm of the modernistic bigwig. That wisdom consists in choosing the best, whether it be old or new, does not occur to their type of mentality.

Third Specimen of the Intelligentzia's Hokum: Pessimism is more Artistic than Optimism. Every novel or play of undiluted intellectualism must terminate in fog or pitch darkness. Sometimes this intellectual product begins with crepuscule and steadily advances to midnight gloom, sometimes it is a uniform smut from start to finish. Undoubtedly black is the favorite color among modern literary æsthetes. The only artistic possibilities for the fictionist and the playwright lie in murkiness, if he is to hold his own among the moguls of modern realism.

In any stylish up-to-date intellectual product a love-affair must lead to adultery, suicide, one or more murders, or to cynical futility. At the finis we must see the lovers fleeing in a sombre valley pursued by cruel customs and unjust laws, or sitting on bleak rocks beside the ashes of their happiness.

Optimism is the unpardonable sin among the fashionable intellectuals. "By no means," say they, "should the triumph of virtue be allowed to disturb the artistry of modern letters."

Fourth Specimen of the Intelligentzia's Hokum: The Mental

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Faddist is an Original Genius. The Intelligentzia plump their latest innovator right down in the middle of the town square—"See our brand new genius!" they cry. "Stop everything you are doing and watch him spin!" "We are in a hurry for an important engagement," we object, "and can't stop." "Nonsense!" scouts the intellectual; "your bourgeois affairs amount to nothing. Here is a genius in your midst!" "Why, he isn't doing anything either beautiful or intelligent!" we exclaim; "he is just spinning around, getting dizzy and making every one dizzy that looks at him!" "Oh, you poor dolt!" jeers the Intelligentzia; "it is his super-intellect that makes him spin—no one has ever spun so fast before. True, he gets nowhere, but it is awfully vulgar to get anywhere nowadays—it isn't done at all by intellectuals. One just spins around in a mad whirl until one drops dead, and that is all there is of life. The only thing is to spin a little faster or more eccentrically than the others—then you are a genius."

Fifth Specimen of the Intelligentzia's Hokum: Realism Consists in Details of Unchastity. What would the modern fictionist do without illicit sex-relations as his theme! His predicament without this means of publicity and of income is painful to contemplate. Happily for his mood and his purse there is no restriction to the extent of sex lawlessness which he may introduce into his best seller. He, the self-vaunted apostle of the new, has nothing newer to offer us than the scum and refuse of the mistaken pleasures of men and women since the world began. The advanced and enlightened brain of the intellectual, of which we hear so much nowadays, can discover no more novel theme than the weakest physical moments of the race.

Sixth Specimen of the Intelligentzia's Hokum: Degeneracy is Piquant. Why do the ultra-realists of today follow the buzzard instead of the eagle? Because of the cherished modern notion that the epicurean modern reader desires tainted meat. "The age is rapid and preoccupied," they argue, "hence only the odors of decay will arouse its jaded faculties. The application of spiritual beauty to life, the well-balanced relation of varied truths—what interest have these things for Joe and Jim between cocktails?"

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So the exotic writer of Modernia prepares a reeking corruptive dish for his readers, or else an anæsthetic concocted from the malodorous flowers of the night.

And yet there are many delightful things in the world even today—there are the strange beauties of newly explored lands, the familiar charms of well-known environment, the sturdy effort of men and women to meet modern living conditions, the unconscious poetry of quiet lives, the glamor of splendid deeds of sacrifice, the plunge of faith into new ventures, the adjustment of achievement to further developments, the gracious memories of the heart as a fertilizer for the will, the universal mind which sees life whole—all these there are, infinite riches neglected by our modern plot-weavers.

We will now examine the hokum of the Intelligentzia as it concerns their contempt for certain classes of people and periods of history.

Seventh Specimen of the Intelligentzia's Hokum: The Puritan Complex excludes Art and Beauty. Modern literary swaggerers caricature the Puritans as solemn-faced cranks living in barn like structures, whose one occupation was to stalk around in long black cloaks and tall peaked black hats, destroying everything beautiful and punishing everyone who was enjoying himself. This picture of the fanatical Puritan is easily painted and sure to get a laugh from the crowd. And yet it leaves some things unexplained. How is it that Puritan houses, furniture and other decorations are supplying at this very moment inspiration for modern architects and artists?

As we walk along the shaded streets of historic New England towns, we feel the harmony and peace of the fine old houses, and we are told that this is the street where Puritans lived, these are the houses they built and the trees they planted. It is strange that Puritans, whom moderns tell us had no imagination and no happiness, could produce such picturesque houses and furniture, such refreshing gardens and streets.

Eighth Specimen of the Intelligentzia's Hokum: The Victorians were Fussy Idiots. The Intelligentzia scintillates wittily at the expense of the Victorians. Deprived of the Victorian epoch as a butt for ridicule, the intellectuals would be obliged to reconstruct their storage-house for jokes. The Victorian era in its historical

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and decorative aspects is a rich, inexhaustible mine for the wit of up-to-daters.

Far be it from us to deny that the Victorians had tidies on their chair-backs and too much bric-a-brac on their mantel-shelves. It may be that Victorian parents were not always frank enough with their children, and that considerable authority was exercised by Victorians in the home. But at any rate they had homes in those days. Families even spent the evenings together —such an insipid way of passing the hours, when they might have gone to a night club! In this fussy Victorian Period flourished many great English writers and statesmen. In spite of their tidies, kerosene lamps, early bedtime hours and slow ways, the Victorians did have homes and literature, their era did produce famous personalities.

Ninth Specimen of the Intelligentzia's Hokum: Protestant Ministers are Pretentious Hypocrites. The Intelligentzia stuff a large dummy with their prejudices and call it a clergyman. They display this dummy in the market-place of advanced fiction and proceed to pummel it vivaciously, with sidelong glances to see how the public likes the performance. The show arouses mob curiosity, to judge by the sales of some recent fiction on the theme of immoral clergymen.

The dummy of an erring hypocritical pastor is already battered and losing its stuffing through overuse, but still modern novelists and playwrights buffet it over and over again, and pass it around from one to another with as much enthusiasm as if the wornout puppet were an original work of art.

Tenth Specimen of the Intelligentzia's Hokum: Slander of the Dead is Clever Biography. Modern intellectuals go in for a jaunty form of biography—vilification of the dead. This is profitable and enjoyable for several reasons. First of all, it is safe, for no dead man can hit back in defense of his reputation. It is also enjoyable, because a character of the past, heretofore considered great or admirable, has a hold on the affections of posterity and an influence on the nation's life. Therefore to undermine this foundation of public esteem and love for the celebrated dead is a sport which deliciously appeals to the modern cynical temperament.

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A clever, profitable game, that of slandering dead men, guaranteed to fill the pockets more quickly than a well-balanced record could possibly do. It certainly does require ingenuity, as well as financial ambition, to reconstruct a human life with careful elimination of what was praiseworthy, and with emphasis upon and distortion of foibles and faults. Defamatory biography fulfils all the requirements of a mental diversion among sophisticated authors.

Eleventh Specimen of the Intelligentzia's Hokum: The Intellect is an Infallible Guide to Truth. That intellect is the only human guide stands as the fundamental assumption of modern simon-pure intellectuals, which explains all their other vagaries. It is a fatal assumption, for the unaided intellect of man cannot see around the next corner; it leads into the desert of rationalism, into the morass of doubt, among the rocks of mental and moral difficulty. Man's inner life perishes when it loses the beautiful mysteries of spiritual intuition.

We are not creatures of one dimension. Yet the undiluted intellectual, ignoring the other dimensions of human nature, bases his viewpoint upon the intellect alone, thereby starving the very intellect which he idolizes. In spite of his vehement assertion of his own superior breadth and perspicacity, he is in reality of all modern men the most limited in vision and insight, and in balanced faculties. Consequently he has nothing better for the public than Hokum.

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THE OARSMAN'S A.E.F.

BY HERBERT REED

AMSTERDAM is this year the American oarsman's ultimate objective, where there is fair reason to believe that an eight from these shores will repeat the Navy's success at Brussels in 1920, and Yale's remarkable triumph at Paris in 1924. None of the glamour of the New London and Poughkeepsie regattas will depart, this best of all probable seasons so far in the history of what I consider the purest of amateur sports—simply that an Olympic triumph would crown a season that will certainly mark another year of steady progress in coaching methods admittedly more open-eyed than ever in the past. We have achieved in our eight-oared rowing what amounts to a reasonably standard style, and a remarkable evenness of material among the rowing colleges, with victory going almost without exception to that eight which displays the greatest racing finesse, the finest generalship.

And judging by the prospects as they loom up at this writing, there will be need of the very finest product the United States can turn out, to be reasonably sure of victory, for the famous "Joe" Wright has returned to Canada to coach what promises to be the greatest Argonaut eight of at least a decade, probably stroked by his son, who as a single sculler missed the Diamond Trophy last year only through bad steering; and there is prospect, too, of a standard Leander crew from England in the light of the remarkable power and form of this year's Cambridge crew. In fact, the Cantab boatload intact probably would prove all that any challenger would care to handle. The English are more than keen, moreover, to regain their lost prestige, mindful of the fact that a remarkable boatload of the famous "pink caps" was literally raced to a standstill at Brussels, while it remained for the University of Toronto to give the Elis a race four years ago, after the Englishmen had made a disappointing showing.

The situation is all the more interesting this year, since, as

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happens at infrequent intervals, the colleges have shaken the coaching kaleidoscope once more. Thus we find Russell Callow, famous as the successor of "Ed" Leader at the University of Washington, taking charge at the University of Pennsylvania, where Wright the Canadian was remarkably successful as a Henley distance and two-mile coach, but whence has not been forthcoming a first class four-mile eight in many a long lean year. It remains to be seen whether "Rusty" can do any better than did "Joe"; but that situation may be left for the time while the rest of the shifting is considered.

Most important of all, perhaps, is the change at Annapolis, whither Glendon Senior has been recalled after a brief absence in which he helped his son at Columbia, to such effect that under the colors of the Morningside institution the East came back to "head the river" at Poughkeepsie. Here is a father *vs.* son affair that will absorb the two sets of critics—one which maintains that Columbia's victory at Poughkeepsie last year was due less to the work of "Dick" the younger than to "Dick" the elder, the other maintaining that all the glory should go to the younger man. I confess that I am of the latter school. In any event both the Navy Glendon and the Columbia Glendon are vastly to be reckoned with. "Ed" Leader continues in the launch's coaching well at Yale, "Ed" Brown at Harvard (his second year in charge of the 'Varsity), and so on down the line. In action this season, a fair proportion with Olympic tryout aspirations will be the following record list of 'Varsity eights: Yale, Harvard, Princeton, Pennsylvania, Columbia, Cornell, Navy (with probably a Navy graduate eight), Syracuse, Massachusetts "Tech", Wisconsin, Washington and California.

Incidentally, right here, I am going to let out a secret. Rowing will be carefully watched this season by Army men, for the proposal to establish rowing and racing, even though confined to short distances and home waters, is being favorably entertained at West Point. A fine, sheltered course is at hand, and the whole question is reduced to one of time and costs. That is just a little aside for the benefit of Army enthusiasts.

Here pops another little secret out of the bag. There is better than an even chance that should Princeton, whose eight came

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through so splendidly last year under the coaching of "Chuck" Logg, show as much promise by the time of the Olympic try-outs, it will be backed all the way to Amsterdam if it wins the racing right to go there.

Proud of the triumph scored at Brussels, the Navy is not yet satisfied, for a reason that dates back to the Olympic try-outs on the Schuylkill four years ago. Nothing has ever been said about it in public before, to my knowledge, but I think it can be told now without stirring up any hard feeling. The three dangerous crews that year were Yale, the Navy 'Varsity, and the Navy graduates. The race was won by Yale in a terrific finish by three or four feet from the Navy graduates. It so happened that the crews were held for a long time at the start with a head wind blowing, quartering toward the Navy crews across the referee's launch. It is contended that fumes from this launch sickened the Navy oarsmen before they started. There has never been any complaint from the Navy people on this point, but it is pretty well understood among the Schuylkill oarsmen that something of this sort did happen. So every effort will be made this year to make even such a rumor impossible.

The two four-mile races may or may not give an exact idea of just what eights will enter the Olympic try-outs on the Schuylkill. The winners in all probability, the runners-up possibly. The Princeton decision, of course, can be made much earlier. But as the date of the Poughkeepsie regatta was set with a view to subsequent Olympic preparation, it is more than likely that at least one crew from each regatta will be seen at Philadelphia. The appearance of a club crew among the eights is problematical.

As this is written, the final make-up of all the eights is thoroughly in the air, and there has been a series of unfortunate accidents and illnesses that have forced several coaches, notably both the Glendons, to develop new men rapidly in order to fill the places of veterans. Columbia's championship eight may not remain intact, more's the pity, since the oarsmen have been nursing Olympic aspirations for close to two years. In the case of the Navy, it will be very difficult to replace the mighty Bagdanovitch should he fail to recover from an injury in time to make the crew. It will be remembered that the loss of the Navy

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No. 7 on the eve of the Poughkeepsie regatta a year ago undoubtedly ruined the Annapolis chances. Few but those thoroughly versed in eight-oared rowing realize the importance of the "second stroke oar". He is the vital factor in every race, and must pass on the stroke on his side of the boat flawlessly in order to get the proper effect of the "engine room" or, as some call it, the "power plant", made up of Stroke and Seven.

But while this matter of personnel is still on the knees of the gods, there is no mistaking the fact that American eight-oared rowing in the colleges has steadily tended toward the development of bigger and more powerful eights. It is seldom nowadays that the winner at Poughkeepsie or New London will average less than 177 pounds. And, oddly enough, the Poughkeepsie four-mile record was established by an eight averaging about 165 pounds. The reason for that probably lay in the fact that not only was that crew one of exceptional power per pound, but in addition at that time Courtney's system of rowing was so far advanced as to give Cornell crews a great advantage in the run of the ship between strokes. It was rarely possible in those days to row stroke for stroke with the Ithacans and keep abreast. Cornell won many races rowing from 34 clear down to 30 to the minute. Today that is impossible. It is axiomatic today that a crew to have a chance at Poughkeepsie must be able to row the body of the race not lower than 33, and be able to put on two long-sustained spurts, let us say the first half mile and the last full mile, at 38 to 40 to the minute. To do that requires great power. Such a crew, rowing in the Olympics, if hard pressed, would be able to stay above 37 all the way, and travel at least a half mile as high as 42. I have seen three or four of our crews hit as high as 44 without losing much length in the water. To the old time oarsman this may sound incredible, but there is ample proof of it annually.

After considerable research, I think I have discovered the origin of the old saying that "a 195-pound man cannot pull his own weight". It goes back to the early 'nineties when Heffelfinger was a great football player at Yale. He rowed on the crew at something above 195 pounds and the crew lost. However, just about that time or a little later the theory was amply disproved

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in England by the famous Leander oarsman, R. B. Etherington-Smith, who rowed at close to 200.

"Jim" Ten Eyck at Syracuse has often boated finished oarsmen well above the 190-pound mark, including one stroke oar. Last year certain of the critics looked askance at Harvard's huge eight with at least two men weighing above 200 lbs. One of them was Forrester Clark, who is just now playing gorgeous polo at the incredible weight of 210. So these big men have upset the tradition in more than one sport.

The Harvard heavy weights were pulling not only more than their own weight but some of that of the stroke, a rather slight young man named "Jack" Watts. "Ed" Brown, the coach, wanted Watts's brains rather than another man's power, at stroke, so he whittled down his oar, and about all Watts had to do was use his head and set the cadence.

In cases where these big men have been condemned, it was generally found that they had been "underboated", that is, the shell could not carry them without "sousing" its nose at every stroke, whereas the lines of the raceboat should be such as to stick its stem out and up at the very beginning of the recovery after each stroke.

Now it was the elder Glendon who was among the first to turn out giant eights. Therefore he went in for giant equipment, and even today uses the longest sweeps, with the widest and longest blades of all of the coaches. The croakers in those days were numerous. I confess that I was among them. It was all very well, we felt, for a big husky crew to handle sweeps twelve feet four inches long with blades seven and a quarter inches wide, over a two-mile course. "Why, four miles will kill them!" chortled the chorus. The laugh, as it turned out, was with Glendon. And his son followed in his footsteps both at Annapolis and subsequently at Columbia. Of course the outriggers were so set as to provide tremendous leverage. It was always noticeable that when the Navy blades gripped the water they were "anchored", that is, the boat moved before the blades did.

Presently other giant crews made their appearance from Lake Washington, and that appearance had a marked effect on Eastern rowing. In general it may be said that Eastern crews had

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lost some of the fury of that first grip on the water, and were slighting the power in the backs. Immediately "Ed" Leader was engaged at Yale, with what remarkable results everyone knows. Logg, another Washingtonian, has brought Princeton up from the depths. But, oddly enough, the earliest comers from Seattle, while restoring our lost catch, have modified their stroke considerably, and have adopted considerably more swing and a stronger finish with the legs. The Far West had one good thing, the East another, and the result of the inevitable blend has been a sheer delight. No coach likes to admit that he has learned anything from anyone else, but practically all of them have, deny it how they will. If there is one man who probably never has picked up anything from anyone else it is James A. Ten Eyck of Syracuse, dean of all the coaches.

It is in this matter of rigging that the old professional scullers had the edge on the budding young amateur coaches, who knew practically nothing of sculling. When the elder Glendon started to make a coach out of this son, he put him afloat in a single. Today at Yale single sculling is encouraged and from its ranks graduates many a fine sweep-swinger. A man who can handle a single has nothing to fear in a double.

To begin in the far West, California is again this year under the tutelage of the Washington school, and with excellent material at hand. With the departure of Callow, Washington has turned to Ulbrickson, former stroke oar. The material there is always excellent, and there is an admitted advantage in the constant open water rowing. Recourse to the tiresome "machine" is never necessary, and the crew comes East with the greatest mileage of all of them tucked away in its system. While Ulbrickson was a fine oar he is following in the footsteps of a remarkable personality. Therein lies his supreme test. Wisconsin rows under more handicaps than one. Shells have to be carried through the streets to the float, and calm water is rare. "Dad" Vail, one of the real old-timers, teaches a beautiful stroke with considerable accent on the finish. His material is fine, but shy on numbers, and Freshman rowing is not encouraged, so that he has to do much rebuilding every year.

The Navy's problem is to keep its fine squad intact. The men

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will have to unlearn some of the things Butler, a Washington coach, taught them, to get back into the pure Glendon style, but the "old man" may be trusted to take care of that.

Callow, with all his personality and all his skill and knowledge, has a real task on his hands at Pennsylvania. "Fred" Spuhn preceded him last year and put in the Washington method, without much success when it came to racing. There should, however, be little difficulty in working up a formidable short distance eight. But the Schuylkill course is not conducive to preparation for the four-mile distance. That is why the Quakers are always first at the course. However, rough water often interferes with preparation there, and so does the heat. Everyone wishes Callow good luck, but has his doubts, this year at least. Columbia's situation, with the change of course to Pelham Bay, has disposed of the old problem of mileage.

Ten Eyck will push any of them any time he gets the material at Syracuse. His best crews are a delight to the eye. He has a stroke with a good hard catch and a very hard finish, and he is a master rigger of shells. He is in his later seventies now but with an eye as clear as ever.

"Jim" Wray is in his second year at Cornell, and his work will be watched with interest. His stroke is not as strong as it might be at the catch, but is hard and clean at the finish. He has some of the finest material that goes to Poughkeepsie, but found Cornell rowing badly disorganized when he took hold.

Harvard is likely to have better material than Yale for at least another year, at least so far as power is concerned, but the Blue will pick up several excellent Freshmen and the crew will not be struggling with too much self esteem in the early season, which was the case last year. There is another close race in prospect. Princeton is fortunate in having no four-mile problem on its hands. There is every prospect of an especially fine crew once more. "Bill" Haines at M. I. T. has done splendid work and should have his share of victories if the material is at hand. It is always a question of available time at this institution. Clear through to the Olympic trials there will be racing nearly every week.

Truly a great fleet and a great season!

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PUTTING "PEP" INTO THE CHURCH

BY C. H. BRETHERTON

In one of his early novels—I think it is *The Sea Lady*—Mr. H. G. Wells has a character who "does a lot with his soul." The majority of men and women in England today do little or nothing with theirs. The great industrial populations of the Northern and Midland counties do not go to church or chapel. The frenetic eloquence of revivalists and the corybantic zeal of the Salvation Army are alike powerless to move them. In the country districts, where custom dies hard and the parson is as integral a part of daily life as haymaking or the landlord of the *Dog and Duck*, the "lower orders" still attend church. Their attendance, however, is not a religious exercise but a social function. Whether the service is high or low, broad or narrow, is a matter of complete indifference to them. The rector and the squire's wife settle that between them. The villagers troop to church on Sunday, nod apathetically through the service if they are men or steal furtive glances at each other's clothes if they are women, gossip a while at the gate, and go home to dinner. They are neither comforted nor uplifted, chiefly because they are not looking for either comfort or uplift. Their real troubles they take elsewhere. The farmer does not discuss the plight of agriculture with God but with the Farmers' Union. He expects no help from either, but he can at least take the Farmers' Union to task for its incompetence. The farm laborer pours out his disgust with the sorry scheme of things entire at the *Dog and Duck* at the same time that he pours in beer. As for the women folk, it is the doctor and the district nurse, not the parson, who are the repositories of their confidences and the dispensers of sympathy and consolation in times of affliction. The doctor is generally an atheist.

The English bourgeoisie, or Lower Middle Classes, as they are called by the Upper Middle Classes, take church seriously. They

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are almost wholly Nonconformist. It is not easy or judicious to try to frame a broad distinction between Nonconformity and Anglicanism which adequately accounts for the fact that grocers are always the former and landed proprietors always the latter. The outstanding feature of Nonconformity is the Nonconformist Conscience, but whether this particular type of conscience is begotten by or merely attracted by Nonconformity one cannot easily say. For the Nonconformist soul is a fatted soul and concerned with the outside of the cup and platter, fulminant against scarlet (but generally honest) women, but with no special anathemas for grocers who shortweight their customers.

The Upper Middle Class and the aristocracy, the business and professional men, the blackcoated fraternity on the suburban trains, the soldiers and sailors and administrators and civil servants, the lawyers and doctors and stockbrokers, all, in a word, who combine good educations with sound Conservative instincts—these form the strong support (one might almost say the *raison d'être*) of the Church of England by law established.

The nexus is conventional rather than spiritual. For one Anglican who has doctrinal convictions nine have none. They will wear their new hats and yawn behind their hymn books as contentedly under an advanced Anglo-Catholic as under a retarded Evangelical. That is natural enough. It is very unusual and difficult for an educated or sophisticated person to swallow the whole body of any particular doctrine, religious or political, at a gulp. The average Anglican's attitude toward his church's dogma is that of the lady who was explaining to a friend how, on marrying a man of that faith, she had become a Roman Catholic. "But mind you," she added, "I don't go in for all of it." What he or she does go in for proves, on analysis, to be, as a rule, just what the vicar of the local church chooses to hand out. The Protestant Reformed Church is actually the most catholic church in Christendom. It counts philosophic doubters among its prelates, Bishops who talk of "God—if there *is* a God," and believers in faith healing and the Personal Devil among its priests. It accommodates divines whom Calvin would have deemed intolerant and ministers whose doctrinal elasticity would have startled the Vicar of Bray.

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As for his soul, the Anglican does rather less with it than anybody else. If he admits that some intimate connection exists or should exist between his soul and his pew it is a purely theoretical admission. For all practical purposes his membership of the Protestant Reformed Church is a part of what a Roman jurisprudent would call his *persona*, an integral part of the "front" he presents to the world, like his politics, his club, his profession and his butler.

To understand how this has come about it is necessary to take a brief survey of the history of the Reformation. Before Tudor times there were only two sections of society, the nobles and gentry on the one hand and the lower orders, the battle axe-fodder, on the other. The Church belonged to the former class. The great ecclesiastical institutions, like the great nobles, owned the land that the serf tilled and the forests where the villein (at the risk of having his ears cropped) poached. The Church's ascendancy was even more complete than that of the lord of the manor, for while the latter's powers of oppression or beneficence were confined to the vassal's property or the serf's body, the Church claimed jurisdiction over their souls.

The bourgeoisie, or Middle Class, did indeed exist but it was confined to the cities and large towns and had no political influence. It was not until the beginning of the Sixteenth Century that the intermittent struggle between the nobles and their ecclesiastical counterparts, the abbots, on the one hand and the burghers on the other for the control of municipal affairs, began to turn in favor of the latter. It was the Wars of the Roses that weakened the nobility to such an extent that Henry Tudor, when he came to be King of England, conceived the bright idea of ruling in alliance with the bourgeoisie and against the nobles instead of the other way about.

All the Tudors faithfully maintained this alliance. *Cæteris paribus*, they always sided with the burghers and against the nobles. Heads fell in plenty, but they were aristocratic heads.

It was inevitable that the Church should figure as the *bête noire* of the new alliance. The bourgeois regarded it as an oppressor and coveted its privileges. The King regarded it as a nuisance and coveted its wealth. Both realized that it could be

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dangerous. It was also objectionable for another reason. With the coming of the Tudors a wave of nationalism had spread through England. There was nothing national, however, about the Church. Doubtless the public mind exaggerated the numbers and influence of the Italian and Spanish and other foreign ecclesiastics up and down the country and the extent of the Church's spiritual and political affiliation with the Mediterranean countries. Almost subconsciously, the English people had come to feel that the time had come to rid the Church of both.

What, then, of the doctrinal side of the Reformation? It is not for a moment to be supposed that the people as a whole, the vast majority of whom could neither read nor write and had no conception that they were or would ever be entitled to reason things out for themselves, were dissatisfied with the Church's teachings. They had, indeed, grown accustomed to the English Bible and perhaps felt fairly strongly that it was time English and not Latin became the vehicle of sung or spoken ritual. That they were worrying about Transubstantiation or Mariolatry, or whether there was really a purgatory as well as a hell, is unlikely to the last degree.

But if the people as a whole did not worry about these things, the growing class of the educated, caught, as to a large extent it already was, in the rising tide of intellectual liberty, undoubtedly did. That was not an age of scientific thought but it was an age, in England at least, of a sort of austere but tolerant reason, an age, moreover, in which the fetish of precedent, of written authority, at last began to yield ground to observation and deduction. If the Reformation produced drastic modifications of ritual and dogma it was because those entrusted with the actual task of remodelling the Church were wise and scholarly men who rejected much that seemed to them unreasonable as well as much that was generally admitted to be undesirable.

It is to be observed, however,—and the religious persecution of the succeeding centuries has caused the fact to be lost sight of,—that they did not draw straighter the line which the orthodox theologian must toe, or make more brass-bound and inflexible the mass of doctrine and dogma that they retained. On the contrary, and as was to be expected (since the Reformation repre-

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sented *pro tanto* the triumph of reason and knowledge over superstition), the Reformed Protestant Church catered largely to varying taste and temperament and to some extent at least to philosophic doubt.

There were persecutions because there were rabid allegiances and a rabid determination to enforce allegiance. Doctrinal differences were merely the signs in which strong minded and often ambitious churchmen sought to best one another, and the kings and politicians helped to keep axe, stake and thumbscrew at work in a vague but well founded belief that the populace always mistake religious persecution for democratic zeal.

Actually those who built up the Reformed Church on the site and with most of the materials of the Roman Catholic Church erected, though perhaps they did not know it, a house in which there were many mansions. It was not, however, until about twenty-five years ago that these mansions began to be occupied. Up to that time it was considered good policy for any sect which found itself at variance with the Protestant Church's official doctrines and ritual—and schism was more often induced over ritual than over doctrine—to break away and become independent. So many broke away that a witty Frenchman of the early Nineteenth Century was able to say with some truth that England was a country with seventy religions and one sauce.

The sauce, it is interesting to recall, was melted butter. The seventy religions represented the disintegration of a Church which has always had something of butter's plasticity. Nevertheless this fissiparation did not, as we might have expected, materially impair the strength, prestige and authority of the parent church.

Neither—and this is perhaps more remarkable still—did the Established Church suffer any material loss of prestige from the crashing blow dealt to what were supposed at the time to be fundamental truths by the publication of *The Origin of Species* and the triumphant championship of Evolution by Huxley at Britain's decorous, mid-Victorian prototype of Monkeyville (staged by the British Association at Leeds in 1859).

The reason is simple, though not so simple that pious Anglican churchmen are eager to admit it. To the vast mass of the Eng-

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lish people, to the pew occupiers and not less to the great and relatively recent industrial population that never did go to church, the Protestant Reformed Church by law established had long since ceased to be regarded—if indeed it was ever regarded—as the one authentic repository and fountain head of faith and revelation or as the jealous custodian of morals.

As against that it had come to be something even more important though not so easy to define, in the life of the English people. It had come to be looked upon, and is still looked upon, as the repository of all that went to make up what one may call the English mind, the jealous custodian of all that was essentially English in behavior, in temperament and in character. The noble language of the Authorized Version of the Bible, the impressive austerity of its cathedrals and churches, the decent and scholarly lives of its clerics, the dignity of its ritual and, last but not least, the high place accorded by it to the virtues of self-reliance and tolerance and probity and self-restraint, have combined to give the Established Church a place and a power in English life that no Englishman, whatever his own faith may be, would be willing to see endangered.

Metaphysical discussions about Transubstantiation have never really bothered the ordinary citizen overmuch, and when sects and schisms broke away from the Church's main foundation nobody was greatly perturbed. And later, when Science rushed to the assault and by producing the million-year-old jaw of an ape-man (or rather of an ape-woman, for, for some unknown reason, these massive relics are invariably found to have belonged to a female of the species) turned half the Bible from revelation into folklore, there was no great stir. The Church absorbed Evolution with ease for the simple reason that it displaced nothing vital or valuable or to which churchgoers any longer attached importance.

All of which being so, why, we have to ask ourselves, is the Protestant Reformed Church of England now in the throes of a really serious upheaval? Why did it feel the necessity to make fundamental alterations in the Prayer Book, and why, now that Parliament has refused to sanction the change, are the Bishops talking angrily, and rather foolishly, of seeking disestablishment

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in order that they and not Parliament may be the final arbiter of their doctrinal destinies?

Again the reason is clear. Ever since the beginning of the century a number of the clergy and a small but enthusiastic body of the Anglican laity have been endeavoring to compel the Church to take itself seriously, not as an institution merely but as a repository of living revelation, as a real, vital and valuable nexus between Christ and the Christian worshipper. They wanted the Church to "come alive," to deliver spiritual goods as well as to be a *cachet* of English respectability. To trace the beginnings of this movement would be long and perhaps difficult, but undoubtedly they were due at least in part to the success which was found to attend the corybantic militancy of the Salvation Army and the frenetic if evanescent successes of the various revivalists.

It is not likely, however, that if the great war had not come along, the movement to impart "pep" to Anglicanism would have been carried very far. The war changed everything. Soldiers in their dark hours of dread, and wives and mothers in their tragic hours of suspense and bereavement, called on the Church for strength and help and comfort and consolation, and the Church had nothing to give. Its little surrenders to cold reason and philosophic doubt, its too ready assumption that biological discovery and Christian theology could march hand in hand, had ruined it. It was useless to assure the soldier in the trenches that God—if there was a God—would give him strength for the fight. It was not possible to console the widow or the bereaved mother by pointing out the fundamental grandeur of Evolution as a creative conception. "Unless you come to me as little children—"; but the Anglican clergyman was no longer the spiritual father of his parishioners. They were no longer his children. They merely "sat under" him, as the phrase went. And the Anglican God was no longer the Saviour of men, nor Mary the comforter of the afflicted. God was not even Jahveh, not even Matthew Arnold's "gigantic clergyman in a white tie." He was a remote Force, the deviser of Evolution, the artificer of a scheme of things that could not have started without Him, but once started was quite capable of carrying on by itself. The Anglican Church, at the beginning of the present century, was really

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on the verge of accepting as the melancholy truth that God was no longer having, if He ever had, any say in terrestrial affairs.

Men and women turned from the Church in tens of thousands during the war and sought consolation elsewhere. Then came peace and a period of intensified commercialism. Everywhere was heard the refrain of the "Ballymena Hymn"—"What is there in it for me?" People began to talk about the Church "delivering the goods". They demanded parsons with "pep" and services with a "punch". The Church responded as best it could. What one might call the "peppy parson" movement produced "Toc H." and the Rev. Dick Shepherd. The demand for services with a "punch" produced or at any rate gave an impetus to a riotous Anglo-Catholicism. I do not suggest that any High Church divines deliberately modelled their ritual on that of Rome because they saw that Rome's hold on the minds and hearts of its flock was intact while that of Canterbury had almost disappeared. The fact remains that people were demanding religious services with more of a "kick" in them, and Anglo-Catholicism provided them. They wanted more comforting and artistic superstition and less cold reason in their dogma, and Anglo-Catholicism provided that. Not that it is always Anglicanism leavened with Catholicism. One Bishop described in the House of Lords how a certain Anglo-Catholic cleric, on the dedication of a new church, scattered ashes in the porch and recited a service of his own devising beginning "Depart hence, all ye spirits of evil!" Some of those present, the bishop added, really thought that they were assisting at a scene out of *Faust*.

Needless to say, a vast number of these Anglo-Catholic clergy were flying in the face of the Public Worship Regulation Act and incurring all manner of penalties, but the Bishops looked the other way. Still clinging to the lofty conception of the Reformed Church as a house with many mansions, they looked on with apprehension while the Evangelicals became Puritans and the Anglo-Catholics blossomed into Roman Catholics who "did not go in for all of it," hoping against hope that the Church would not be split.

What would otherwise have happened we do not know, but the Bishops themselves brought matters to a head by propound-

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ing a Revised Prayer Book with a new and optional Communion Service which they conceived would legalize the advanced Anglo-Catholic ritual, at the same time announcing that they would deal drastically with any cleric who permitted his pro-Catholic zeal to carry him beyond the ambit of the new rubrics.

The compromise pleased nobody. The Evangelicals denounced it as a surrender to Romish superstition. The Anglo-Catholics said the new Prayer Book did not go nearly far enough, and boldly announced their intention of ignoring it. Nevertheless the Church Assembly, a body supposed to represent the ecclesiastical laity but actually controlled by the Bishops, accepted the Deposited Book, as it was called. But that was not all. It had to be passed by the British Parliament.

It should perhaps be explained that Parliament has this final say in the Church's affairs because it is established by law as the official Church of England. Just what advantage the Church of England derives from being by law established is a question which any practical-minded American will naturally ask and to which no easy answer can be made. The Church neither gets funds from the State nor has the use of any State property. Its only extant privilege is that the Sovereign must belong to it, with this modification that while the Archbishops assist at his coronation he is not thereafter required to go to church unless he wishes.

On the other hand the prestige that the Anglican Church gets from being the Established Church is very great indeed. Establishment puts a sort of seal on the national acceptance of the Church of England as the most English thing in England, as the spiritual guardian of English taste, English manners and that greatest of English virtues, the will to live and let live. Understanding that, we can understand why Parliament, which represents all creeds and denominations, is called upon to settle the affairs of this one denomination; why, in this instance, the House of Commons rejected the New Prayer Book, and why, in spite of the complaints of its supporters, that rejection was secured by the votes of Presbyterians, Jews, Congregationalists, Roman Catholics, agnostics and who not, it was accepted without demur by the English people.

The House of Lords passed it on the plea of the Bishops that

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it would make for peace in the Church. The Commons rejected it on the ground that even for the sake of peace in the Church they could not, without a special mandate from the electorate, legalize fundamental alterations in the doctrine or ritual of the Reformed Protestant Church. It was the State Church, opponents of the new Prayer Book argued, and until it was disestablished it was the business of every Parliamentary representative, whatever his own religious beliefs, to keep it intact until the nation decided to make it something else.

What will happen next? Nobody knows and everything is in confusion. The Bishops have prepared a modified Deposited Book, but it looks like sharing the fate of its predecessor and may not be persisted with. The Evangelicals meanwhile have stopped the Bishops from legalizing moderate Anglo-Catholic practices, but they cannot compel the Bishops to proceed against the practitioners. The Anglo-Catholics also claim a victory. They favor disestablishment, which they believe is bound to come. But how can disestablishment be effected? In the Church of England every cure of souls or "living", as it is called, is in the gift of some patron, the Crown or a public corporation or an individual. To whom the Church itself, with its furniture and fixings, belongs, nobody seems quite to know. Is the patron to decide, on disestablishment, whether the living in his gift shall go to the Evangelicals or the Anglo-Catholics or to one of the lesser sects into which the Established Church would no doubt fissiparate? Is it to be decided by parish elections, with a wealth of fiery oratory and appropriate slogans? Or is a Commission to be set up to allot churches and livings among the competing sects with the same noble disregard for minorities that distinguished the Versailles Treaty makers?

None of these things will be done, and for a very good reason. The average Briton, who is neither very Evangelical or very Catholic or very anything else, believes that the Anglican Church is still valuable and will not let it be disestablished. If those within it insist on quarrelling among themselves about who shall occupy what mansion, he will let them go to it. The Church itself he will maintain, though it be no longer aught but the husk of what was once a noble and inspiring fabric.

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PLAY FOR YOUNG AND OLD

BY JOSEPH LEE

When the Playground and Recreation Association of America was organized by Luther H. Gulick and Henry S. Curtis in 1906, only forty-one cities were reported as having playgrounds and play was still regarded as a non-essential in education and in life. It was good perhaps as medicine and to keep the boys out of mischief, but it must not be allowed to interfere with real education, like learning the longitude of Cape Chadwick or the dates of Fillmore's Presidency or of the Second Punic War, third period. In 1926 there were 790 cities reporting play areas, courses in play and recreation were being given in many of the normal schools and universities throughout the country, and thirty-five States had added physical education to the curriculum of their public schools. During the same period there had been a marked increase in the attention paid by schools and colleges and by cities and towns and the people generally to all forms of recreation, not merely for a few star performers but for everybody. There has been, in fact, during the last twenty years, a revolution in the attitude of the American people upon this subject, as a result of which, instead of trying to make our children into little grown people, it now seems to be the ambition of our grown people to behave—part of the time, at least—as much as possible like children.

The World War affords a landmark of the progress of this revolution up to 1917. By that time the importance of recreation to physical condition and morale had become so well recognized that it was given a leading place in the training of our soldiers, sailors and marines; and the Playground and Recreation Association of America, under the name of War Camp Community Service, was given charge, under the War and Navy Commissions on Training Camp Activities, of organizing the recreational opportunities in the cities near the camps and training stations.

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Evidence of this change of view is seen in the conviction that has rapidly gained ground—very rapidly in the last few years—that a city without adequate playgrounds for its children is not a habitable place. Real estate men have found that the setting aside of space for playgrounds in laying out a plot of land pays for itself in the increased value of the rest. In some places laws and ordinances are being adopted requiring such provision. Everywhere a good-sized playground is now accepted as an essential feature of the public school. A playground within each block where children under six can play in safety and within sight of their mothers is the next objective, and such provision is already being demonstrated by the pioneers.

The play movement has not been confined to the United States or to America but has spread to other continents and countries. Requests for information on the subject have come from France and Germany, England, Belgium, Denmark, and Mussolini's government; from Palestine and Turkey, from China, India, Korea and Japan; from Cuba and Mexico, Chile and Brazil; from Liberia, South Africa, New Zealand and New South Wales. The sister of President Masaryk of Czechoslovakia has shown a great and active interest.

In all this movement the Playground and Recreation Association of America has had a part. Its field secretaries have, by request, helped to start the work in many cities,—usually since the war with the effective coöperation of the American Legion,—have seen them through their first financial campaign, and have since regularly visited and helped them in the many and varied problems that arise. The aim in every city is to have play and recreation established as a public function. The Association's model law granting the necessary power to municipalities, with modifications to meet local opinion and conditions, has been adopted in many States.

The field secretaries are the visiting physicians of the playground movement. They diagnose the case, prescribe the cure and help to carry out the treatment. But in the office of the Association many prescriptions also are prepared—detailed and practical reports and handbooks ranging all the way from the standard rules of playground ball to the two-years' study of munic-

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ipal and county park systems throughout the country that has just been published. By means of these prescriptions, administered with the aid of a red pencil and a two-cent stamp, and by personal interviews and letters, the Association answers every year some 20,000 questions from the field,—a process known in the office as feeding the hungry, placing the information where it is wanted and will be assimilated. It also publishes a weekly bulletin, a yearbook based upon information from more than seven hundred cities, and a monthly magazine. By all these methods it keeps each locality informed of what the rest have learned or specialists have worked out upon the many branches of the work.

Some of the questions that come in are of a somewhat special or even personal nature, as, for instance, requests for information on how to put on a hog-calling and chicken-calling contest or how to plan a shower for a bride-to-be. Demands bearing on dramatic entertainments are sometimes difficult to answer, such as: "Please send immediately directions for making costumes which would show the difference between a milk-bred cow and a beef-bred cow; also between kaffir and corn." Some requests from small and isolated communities are of a specially appealing nature, such as one for "suggestions of activities suitable for a small lumber town in the mountains about twenty miles from any other town and with a Mexican population", and another for employes and their families on banana plantations in Guatemala and Honduras. Most heartrending of all was one for entertainments in a college where dancing and cards are prohibited. Perhaps the most difficult to answer offhand was: "Will you please send me some material which can be used in a Mayor's inaugural speech?" with which might be coupled: "Politics are raising havoc with the recreation programme in our city. Are there any cities where the work is free from politics and where workers are trained?" There are in fact eight thousand trained workers in many hundred cities. I suppose the true answer to the first part of the question is: "Where the wicked cease from troubling and the workers cease to rest."

The Association helped in getting physical education laws passed in twenty-two of the thirty-five States now having them,

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in more than half of which it had the efficient aid of former Governor Brumbaugh of Pennsylvania, whose services as field secretary for that purpose it was fortunate enough to secure. It has a special department to help strengthen these laws and to assist with information and in every possible way those in charge of their administration. It has published a course of study on play and recreation that is used in many of the State normal schools and elsewhere. It has worked very closely with the real estate subdividers and the city planners, and made studies of city planning from the legal as well as from the play and recreation point of view.

The present great need in play and recreation is that of trained teaching and supervision. There is need of specialists in music, in drama and in games, and even greater need of all-round leaders who know both what to teach and when to teach it, and also when to let alone. The Association accordingly carries on a nine months' training course in playground leadership for carefully selected college graduates and others of equal promise who have had playground experience; also a six weeks' course in summer, and local institutes for those holding regular positions.

One of the principles that our schools are teaching is that every child should succeed at something every day and that the playground should make large contribution to this end. For this reason there must be variety in the opportunities presented. Especially there should be a chance not only for games but for constructive work. In carrying out this principle the Association, at its Playground Congress held at Memphis, Tenn., last October, conducted its first national miniature aircraft tournament, sponsored by a committee of which Charles A. Lindbergh was Associate Chairman and Commander Richard E. Byrd and Assistant Secretary Warner of the Navy were members—the latter being present throughout the tournament, of which he served as a most active and interested official. Thirty boys from sixteen cities and thirteen States took part, and one plane—its motor, like the rest, consisting of a double strip of rubber wound up by an egg beater—flew five minutes and thirty-seven seconds, which seemed more like an hour to those who watched.

Much as has been accomplished during the last quarter of a

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century in providing opportunity for play and recreation, the provision does not nearly meet the need. In very few cities if any is there a fair chance to play for half the children. Last summer our local organization in Boston took some 5,000 boys off the street corners and got them playing games. The boys reached were those from twelve to sixteen years old. There are in Boston about 35,000 boys of these ages, so that, even allowing for those who passed the summer in the country or had other means of recreation, the accomplishment at this late day was in rather discouraging proportion to the need.

In the country districts nothing nearly adequate has yet been done. There are, it is true, the State physical education laws that reach all the children and are steadily doing so with more effect. Physical fitness tests also, for which the Playground and Recreation Association of America gives out badges, are widely used in country districts. The Association has carried on play institutes and schools in such districts, has issued a handbook on rural recreation, and had many articles printed in the country magazines. It has also conducted institutes in play and recreation for the agents that the Department of Agriculture sends out into the rural districts, and has visited many communities in which the work is done. But thus far its country work, for lack of funds that can be devoted to the purpose, is rather an example of what should be done than an appreciable satisfying of the need.

There is a tendency in the play and recreation movement at the present time that is very significant. Of the recent studies made by the Association in answer to the existing demand, the three outstanding examples are the study of park systems already mentioned, a study of municipal and private camps, and a study, by means of an experiment carried on in New York City, of the feasibility of supplying reliable information to workers in our cities as to the best places for spending their vacation and of the possibility of making such service self-supporting. The direction of these three studies is symptomatic. The return to nature, which takes a large part of our population to California and Florida in the winter and to New England and the mountains in the summer, is strongly felt through the whole field of recreation. It is becoming every day more fully recognized that every boy

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and girl has a right to revisit their ancestral domain of the woods and fields, to play with waves and rapids; to climb trees and bend down birches (with or without landing in a hornet's nest) and make first hand acquaintance with the birds and squirrels; to wake up in the morning and hear the vireo singing by himself and smell the pine chips and the balsam in the sun; to see the moon across the lake and hear perhaps the deer moving about in the water down below the bank; to set up their own tent, cook and get the wood smoke in their eyes; to sit round the fire and listen to the wood thrush as long as twilight lasts.

In a wider sense the whole play movement is a return to nature. Play, to the child, is nature's law of growth, the way she has chosen for making him a man. When she bids him sing and dance, build houses of blocks and make mud pies, experiment with wood and water, with fire and electricity and all kinds of substances and things, it is in order that the singer, artist, thinker in him may be born. She has him wrestle and compete and play team games that he may grow up a soldier and a citizen. It is in order that he may be shaped and moulded by this method—fashioned by the great constituting purposes of man to be their instrument—that he is sent into this world of internecine competition so helpless and unfinished—that such a thing as infancy exists.

Play, to the grown person, is rebirth, renewed connection with the sources of his strength. Under the conditions of our industrial civilization, which has wandered so far from nature's path, it is a necessity of life.

It is the purpose of the Playground and Recreation Association of America that every American boy and girl, whatever else our schools may teach them, shall have the opportunity, through attending nature's school, to attain the full stature of the man or woman she intended them to be, and that every grown person may attend such graduate courses as shall keep the spark alive.

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ON GANDHI'S FRONT PORCH

BY WILLIAM W. HALL, JR.

It was a listless afternoon late in summer. Every impulse within me cried to surrender to the dead weight of heat and humidity which bore down upon the cramped thoroughfares of Bombay. Yet I had set my mind on Ahmedabad in the alluring hope of meeting Gandhi, the "Great Soul" of India. It seemed a futile quest. That Mr. Gandhi was wont to reside in Ahmedabad was a matter of common knowledge, but whether he was ill, or on a vacation, or preoccupied, was shrouded in mystery. Moreover, I represented no one; I came without so much as the customary letter or card of introduction, which is considered the prime essential for breaking down the defence of the high and mighty. Still I had set my mind on the attempt, and there was no turning back, especially since the ticket had been bought and paid for.

A half naked coolie piloted me through the dense mass of humanity that thronged Bombay station, and deposited my suitcase in the compartment which the ticket indicated. The inevitable dispute as to the amount of the fee ensued, and I was greatly relieved when a dark skinned individual emerged out of the unknown and settled the argument for me. I then turned to examine my newly discovered friend. I found him to be a slight figure, clad in a straggling white garment and white skull-cap beneath which protruded a swarthy round face with large spectacles and a broad, merry smile.

I was grateful to him, of course, but my gratefulness was tempered by a prudent restraint. I had been forewarned as to the prevalence of train robbers in India, and this man's solicitude for my welfare seemed too spontaneous to be prompted by any but an ulterior motive. So I resolved to give him no intimation of the purpose of my journey, and to keep a watchful eye on my suitcase.

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The next morning my white robed acquaintance became volubly sociable. He was a resident of Ahmedabad, he told me; had been educated at a German Jesuit Mission in Bombay, and was deeply read in English as well as in the classics of his own vernacular. I took what he said with several grains of salt, and determined to keep cautiously reticent. In an unguarded moment, however, I divulged the purpose of my trip to Ahmedabad. Immediately his eyes brightened as with an inspired gleam.

"Why, I'm a great friend of the Mahatma's," he exclaimed. "You see, these are the homespun garments I am wearing as a mark of my discipleship. You will have no trouble meeting Mr. Gandhi. In fact, I shall be delighted to take you to his Ashram and present you to him."

The speed of the train was now slackening and already the native hovels of Ahmedabad were visible through the dust-stained windows. I was more confirmed than ever in the need of caution. But Mr. Balabai Jamnadas (the name which my enigmatic acquaintance assigned to himself) continued more voluble than ever.

"Yes, you will have no trouble in meeting Mr. Gandhi. And as long as you are in Ahmedabad I should be delighted to have you come to my home, and be my guest; that is if you can be reconciled to a vegetable diet."

To me this seemed nothing less than a direct bait to lure me to the robber's den. So I demurred as best I could, until Mr. Jamnadas remarked: "I understand your reluctance to come to my home. I know it isn't the conventional thing for a man of the West to mingle with us of the East."

This served as a glaring light exposing my own crudity. My defence was shattered, and I readily accepted the invitation.

The Ahmedabad railway platform contained the usual jostling mob. My host ushered me into his tonga and we bumped merrily along the narrow streets of Ahmedabad, sitting as is the custom, with our backs to the driver.

"Religious scruples ordinarily prevent a Westerner's being received into a Hindu home," my friend declared. "Personally, I have no such scruples. I have travelled extensively in Europe and have many Western friends. I try to be both cosmopolitan

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and liberal. I am a Jain, and my religion prohibits killing any living thing. This is foolish when carried to the extreme, but I observe the restriction to the extent of not eating meat. That is why I warned you to be prepared to follow a vegetable diet in my home."

The tonga drew up before a three-story dwelling fronting upon a busy native street, and we alighted. I was led up to the second floor and there left to myself and given an opportunity to take stock of the home of my Hindu host. It appeared to be not conspicuously different from the conventional European dwelling. The room was a combination of parlor, library and living room. There was a bookcase of considerable size containing the works of many classic English writers, including Macaulay, Franklin, Darwin, and a Life of General Booth. My host soon presented himself and we retired into a small inner room for breakfast, which consisted of some biscuits and tea made with milk instead of water. Just we two were present. The conversation was the most substantial feature of the meal. My friend discoursed freely on politics, education and religion.

"The only way for the Indians to learn to govern themselves is through self-government," he said. "It is true that India is now divided and if Home Rule were granted chaos and anarchy would temporarily result. India, however, has a large group of trained native leaders and Government officials. Only the few highest posts are held by the British. I believe that in the course of five years these leaders could evolve a stable government in India, profiting by the experience of being thrown upon their own resources.

"In religion I adhere to Jainism, a sect of Hinduism. I strive to maintain a thoroughly liberal point of view. I believe that religion is essentially a matter of action rather than form. It is true that I observe many of the outward rules of my religion. For instance, I don't eat meat; nor do I dine after dark; and you can tell by the odor in the room that I burn incense. I do these things merely because they are rooted in my background and traditions, not as fundamentals of my faith."

"Does the caste system apply among the Jains?" I asked.

"Yes," he replied, "but it is breaking down."

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"What is your attitude toward child marriage?"

"I am stanchly opposed to it. I shall not allow my two little daughters to marry until they are twenty, and then they will be left free to make their own choice. This was the case with my own marriage."

After the servant had cleared our little breakfast table, our thoughts turned to Gandhi.

"If you don't mind waiting a moment, I shall summon my chauffeur," and Mr. Jamnadas reached for the telephone which was close at hand. "I ordinarily give him the day off Sunday, but he can be located in a very few minutes, and then we can drive to the Ashram."

We were soon seated in the comfortable upholstery of a seven-passenger car. The way led through the teeming streets of Ahmedabad, out through the suburbs and along the tawny banks of the Sabarmati River. We had gone a quick five miles when the car drew up at a rustic gate.

"The building on your left is Mr. Gandhi's Nationalist School," my friend pointed out. "To the right is the compound containing half a dozen bungalows, one of which is the Ashram or Retreat of Mr. Gandhi. This has been given him for his own use, but will revert to the trustees at his death."

We alighted from the car and walked along the path between two of the low, broad roofed houses toward that belonging to Mr. Gandhi. Presently I found myself led up to a broad veranda with spreading roof, where crouched in a semi-circle were half a dozen or more attentive white-robed figures. In the center, cross-legged upon a thin white mat, with his back against the wall and before him a low bench or table strewn with papers, squatted a diminutive, emaciated, half-naked man, who, to my amazement, was introduced as Mahatma Gandhi.

In the next five minutes my impressions of this squatting figure changed like the shadows on the lawn. "Why, this gnarled creature has nothing more to recommend him than any of the road beggars that infest the highways hereabout," was the sentiment racing through my mind. "The world has been duped."

This mood quickly changed as I noted the deep furrows in the face, the drooping mouth and moustache, and the lower jaw

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devoid of teeth. "These are the marks of his suffering," I told myself soberly. "The poor cripple is a victim of his own privations."

Then as the wizened, warped figure became articulate, gradually, but not slowly, I lost consciousness of the flesh and blood before me, and recognized only a mind and heart of incomparable strength and beauty. He spoke with the greatest ease and fluency, in low but clear tones, expressing his thoughts in terse, cogent words, seeking always to define the terms before presenting his views.

"I have just been talking with my son," he said, after I remarked I was afraid I had caught him at a busy moment. "He is leaving today."

I then proceeded to make known my identity and remarked that I had been anxious to meet him because I felt that though Americans were familiar with his name they seldom really understood him.

"That's true," he said. "Americans seem either to exalt me to a degree wholly out of proportion to what I deserve or else they consider me a dangerous revolutionary."

I said I thought most Americans had formed no very definite opinion of him, but were extremely interested in his personality and his programme.

"Yes," he assented, "I have a great number of friends in America and keep up a voluminous American correspondence."

I asked him if he would permit me to put several questions of a general nature to him, not specifically applied to India or its problems. He readily consented. I then presented the questions which follow. He answered each question concisely and directly in clear, studied terms.

"In what field of endeavor can an American facing the choice of a life-career make the greatest contribution to society?"

"The vital consideration," he replied, "is not so much the choice of one or another profession as the achieving of self-realization. Americans cannot be of any real service through any profession unless they reconsider the premises on which they are now acting and which appear to me to be fundamentally unsound. To borrow a phrase from Tolstoi, they are 'riding on

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the backs' of weaker peoples, financially and commercially. Their achievements are based on considerations of so-called supply and demand (which is a veiled term for mere self-interest) rather than of human need. Their civilization is essentially selfish and materialistic. Doles handed out to missionary and philanthropic projects furnish small compensation for economic and industrial oppression. In facing the problem of a career a man should emphasize, above all else, the spiritual aspects of life. With this uppermost in his thoughts, he should test his own potentialities, discover how he can best meet the peculiar needs of the local community in which he finds himself, and apply himself to meeting those needs to the utmost of his ability."

"What relation should religion and character bear to education in our present day programmes?"

"Education, character and religion should be regarded as convertible terms. There is no true education which does not tend to produce character, and there is no true religion which does not determine character. Education should contemplate the whole life. Mere memorizing and book learning is not education. I have no faith in so-called systems of education which produce men of learning without the backbone of character."

"What fitting substitute can the Western nations find for militarism?"

"Militarism is essentially self assertion. I should, therefore, substitute for self assertion, self abnegation."

"Just what do you mean by the term 'self abnegation'?"

"The sense in which Christ understood it," he replied, smiling. "'He who loseth his life shall find it.'"

"How should one regard pain and suffering?"

"Voluntary, sacrificial suffering is to be greatly commended; involuntary, inflicted suffering to be greatly deplored."

"How would you interpret suffering which is both involuntary and non-inflicted, such as that produced by chance illness?"

"I believe illness to be the result of sin (in the broadest sense of the word). Sin I define as the breaking of a law, either physical or moral. A headache is the result of sin."

"What is the way out of the present seemingly hopeless antagonism between religious factions in all parts of the world?"

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"Charity. We must learn toleration and respect for others. Every religion in some measure satisfies the spiritual needs of men. If a religious act, such as tom-toming, annoys me, I should not try to have it prohibited, but should realize that it ministers to other peoples' needs, and remove myself from the scene of the disturbance. I have ceased to declare myself publicly on this issue. My views are well known. As the French proverb has it, 'He who excuses himself accuses himself'. I believe that by maintaining silence my message is more forcibly conveyed than by constant admonition. There is, however, no need of despairing of this or any other issue where the right is involved. The world is moving on the right course. When you consider that our mortal lives are mere specks in relation to the whole of time, you can appreciate that the world may be progressing even when progress is not apparent. I am supremely hopeful."

"Do you believe in prayer?"

"Most assuredly. Prayer is the great longing of the soul for God. I do not however, entertain belief in a personal God."

The time was running on and I was aware that I had intruded long enough. There was an additional favor however, which I was anxious to ask.

"I am returning very shortly to Robert College in Constantinople," and then I explained something of the nature of that institution. "I wish you would give me some message to carry back to the students there!"

He smiled, shook his head, and then said:

"Just tell them to try to be good before great—good before great."

Thereupon we arose. I apologized for monopolizing so much of his time; he admitted that he was overburdened with his work. We shook hands and parted, and my host and I were soon spinning back toward Ahmedabad.

We had lunch in the kitchen—that is, in a room with a raised cement platform in one corner where the cook was tending an assortment of steaming pots and pans. I had especially requested my host not to prepare anything special on my account, and to allow me to dine exactly as he would were he alone. But

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I found myself confronted with a more severe ordeal than I had anticipated. We squatted cross-legged on a board before a table raised a very few inches from the ground, on which rested a brass tray containing each course arranged in a neat pile. Using strips of thin, hot, unleavened bread as spoon and fork and lever, we partook of several strange, peppery substances, heavily spiced and pickled, washed down with buttermilk, which seemed to serve the purpose of fire extinguisher. When the meal was finished, we retired to the upper room. There, squatted on a broad white mat, we whiled away several hours, conversing, smoking the native hookah or water pipe, and solving cross-word puzzles.

"Well, this has been a big day for me, thanks to your kindness," I remarked, at length.

"If you like big things, why don't you stop over at Jaipur and see the elephants?" inquired Mr. Jamnadas, with a twinkle in his eye.

"Good!" I laughed. "Would you mind looking up a convenient train?"

While my host was telephoning the railway station I opened my suitcase and rearranged its contents. As he entered the room I was in the act of carefully locking it.

"Why do you lock your suitcase?" he inquired, genially.

"I've heard so much about train robbers," I replied.

"Well, you know my wife thinks I'm foolish," he explained, "but I have a habit of never locking anything. I even leave my house wide open when I go away. And I've rarely lost anything. Somehow, I feel it pays to trust people in this world of ours."

I missed my train and consequently the elephants, but I left Ahmedabad a wiser and a better man.

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TITUS TO LAERTES

BY PERCIVAL WHITE

By the time these writings shall have reached your hand, my dear Laertes, the autumn meeting will be over. But I trust they will arrive before you leave for your vacation.

I felicitate you upon the way in which you have managed all the games, particularly the gladiatorial combats. Never, since the Coliseum was built, has Rome known such a master at the exploiting of sport. It is you, as much as anyone, who are responsible for Rome's recent progress. To my mind, your record is perfect; for I have no sympathy with those effeminate ones who decry the so-called barbarism of athletic rivalry. Is it not better that we should, now and again, rub the noses of our boys in blood? Thus we preserve our holy Roman virtues. Thus we steer clear of pacifism and its attendant scourge.

Few understand (as I do) the deep patriotism which impels you to inspire our youth. For it is the arena—not the school, not the Senate, not the Forum—which is the calyx of the Roman flower.

News of the bout between Taurus and Drusus reached me but yesterday. How splendid! For the training of your gladiators you deserve a decoration. Your coaching of Drusus—it was superb. To take a deserter from an unknown legion, a mere mercenary, without courage, patriotism, or other military quality (except stolidity), and to make of him a showman as shrewd as Cicero—that betokened genius on your part. What patience it must have required, to drill into this clumsy fellow such forbearance, such presence of mind! I can picture him now, standing over the fallen Taurus, javelin poised, for several seconds, at the critical moment when his victim's chance of recovery hung in the balance! That was a master stroke. How often have I known you to take an amateur athlete, a mere worm, with no finer appetite than the desire for sport itself, and

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to convert him into a true professional, that gorgeous butterfly of our great social order!

Drusus's failure to retreat has set all Rome talking. And it is the talking, not the fighting, which is the basis of modern sport. The voice of the populace cries out for clean-cut, decisive victories, without trace of subterfuge or trickery; but these, in reality, would be the last thing to please the people. It is the chance to bicker, to quarrel, to argue whether to turn thumbs up or down—it is this zestful opportunity which the patrons of the circus desire.

I ought to warn you, perhaps, against Taurus. He is a powerful fighter, and, at the same time, devoid of histrionic ability. Possibly you can show him the light; but at present he fights with but one purpose—to win. How inartistic! Such gladiators should be debarred. Otherwise, sport will degenerate into a mere series of winnings and losings.

You, Laertes, are Greek enough to realize the metaphysical danger which would arise if sport should lose its remarkable ability to remain always in the public eye, wholly without expense. Think of the cost which Rome would suffer if she should ever be deprived of you, my friend! Imagine the millions that would be thrown away if, through some mischance, sport should eventually become wholly clean and above board! Fancy our predicament if we should have to pay money to enlist the interest of the people! If that day shall ever dawn, the imperial treasury will be unable to withstand the strain. Ergo, the virility of our youth will be undermined, and the culture upon which our great civilization has been reared will crumble into dust.

Hail to thee, Laertes, and may that day never come!

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SHAKESPEARE AND HARVARD

BY GERALDINE P. DILLA

EVERY schoolboy knows that the pride of early New England, Harvard College, was founded by a son of Old England, John Harvard. But not every college boy knows (even among those who claim their free admission to Harvard House in Stratford as sons of their Alma Mater) enough of the family history to place John Harvard in London rather than in leafy Warwickshire. So before we introduce William Shakespeare into our story, we should visit the bard's home town and look into London.

The most famous sight of Stratford-on-Avon is the restored birthplace of the poet in Henley Street. But when the enterprising tourist "finishes" that well known double house, he feels it his duty to "do" another sight on High Street—the picturesque half-timbered Harvard House. This is a more ornate and elegant edifice, just the size for one family whose builder was an alderman, and not both alderman and general merchant, as was the John Shakespeare whose son's name and form have been imported, in one shape or another, into the trademark of almost every saleable article in the town.

This so-called Harvard House is now surmounted by a large American flag, which contrasts with the date 1596 carved on its façade. It is a fine specimen of Sixteenth Century architecture, as dignified and decorated on its exterior as an Elizabethan portrait with a lace ruff, and as solid and weather-worthy in its interior as a galleon of Sir Francis Drake, with its heart of oak. Its original huge oak beams are blackened by time and the smoke from many Yule logs, and their age is authentically declared by the marks of the axe blade used before the days of planes or saws to give some smoothness to the faces of such timbers. It was built by Thomas Rogers, an alderman of Stratford, whose daughter Katherine became the mother of the founder of Harvard College.

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But the American who enjoys this old house owes his gratitude not only to the gracious resident who tirelessly discloses the virtues of one antique furnishing after another with the same interest as she warns her tall visitor to mar not with his head the low cross-beam of the attic. He also owes thanks to a novelist whose printed works he may be too young to have appreciated duly—the late Marie Corelli. She it was who rescued this old house from its squalid disrepair, and who directed its restoration over fifteen years ago. In conjunction with her, Mr. Edward Morris, son of Nelson Morris of Chicago, purchased it and presented it to Harvard University in 1909 to serve as a club or rendezvous for American visitors, with free admission to all members of that University. It thus stands as America's possession in Shakespeare's town.

But the connection with Shakespeare is closer, if we may trace more family history. It was in the same Trinity Church of Stratford-on-Avon, where Shakespeare was both baptized and buried, that Robert Harvard from Southwark in London married Katherine Rogers, on April 8, 1605. Their son, John Harvard, was baptized at St. Saviour's Church in Southwark on November 29, 1607. Robert Harvard was evidently a man of some importance, being a governor of St. Olave's Grammar School, where his son probably received his preparation for college. He lived at the south end of London Bridge, across the Thames, near St. Saviour's Cathedral on the Borough High Street.

The records of the Harvard family are meagre, but it is known that John matriculated at Emmanuel College, Cambridge, and took his degree in 1635. We cannot identify his rooms there, but we are well aware of the fact that several Pilgrim Fathers were students of this college, whose founder intended it for the maintenance of Puritanical principles. Thus Cambridge is the main *fons et origo* of higher education in the United States, and in the Chapel of Emmanuel College are a memorial window and a tablet to John Harvard.

This young college graduate married Anne Sadler, daughter of the Vicar of Ringmer, in Sussex, and with her went over to New England. He died there at Charlestown, on September 22, 1638, leaving a sum of money to found the university that now

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bears his name. Was it far-sighted wisdom that caused this young man of thirty-one to leave his money, not to the old land of his birth, but to the new land of his adoption, where less than a tenth of his life had been spent?

But we must now return to the church where John Harvard was baptized, which is now the Southwark Cathedral, the finest Gothic building in London after Westminster Abbey, and the only survivor of mediæval Southwark. Among the sights in this church we are not surprised to find a Harvard Chapel, restored and decorated in 1907. But the greatest associations of St. Saviour's are with the Elizabethan dramatists, for the district immediately to the west was the famous Bankside, where rose the early theatres, not to mention the bear gardens and prisons. Inside this church, beside the memorials to Edward Alleyn, Francis Beaumont, John Fletcher, and Philip Massinger, we find the inevitable monument to Shakespeare, which here is really necessary. For St. Saviour's Church was near to the Swan Theatre, the Rose, and the Hope Theatre, and still nearer to the Globe, the famous theatre in which Shakespeare was a shareholder and actor, and in which fifteen of his plays were produced.

Here in this church, though unmarked, is the grave of Edmund Shakespeare, who died in 1607, the younger brother of the poet. William Shakespeare was present at his brother's funeral, which took place only a month after the baptism of the infant John Harvard. Might he not also have been present in this church when the son of a prominent resident of Southwark was baptized? But might not the connection between Shakespeare and Harvard have been still closer?

Has no visitor to the Harvard House in Stratford ever asked why a prosperous gentleman of London like Robert Harvard chose his wife away off in a backwoods village like Stratford? In the earliest years of the Seventeenth Century the hundred mile journey from London to that village would have been almost as much an event in one's lifetime as a trip now from London to a Canadian town. Travel was not the common pastime that it is today, and before the poet's death, Stratford-on-Avon was surely no place of pilgrimage; it had no more to recommend it to the notice of a Londoner than did the three other Stratfords in

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England, or the three other Avon rivers that confuse the visitor today. Surely there was no hope of business in a village that consisted mostly of thatched cottages. Then why did Robert Southwark go from London to Stratford the first time at least, since, if we are imaginative, we can say Miss Katherine Rogers drew him the second time?

Research has brought to light only one antecedent link between London and Stratford, namely William Shakespeare. We know that while Shakespeare had been in London from about 1585, he may not have returned to Stratford until 1596, when his son died. He changed his London residence to Southwark probably between that time and 1604; at any event he would have been well known in Southwark from 1599 on, for he was surely active about the Globe Theatre and he was too interested in people to be any sort of recluse. Why not guess that Shakespeare knew Robert Harvard, one of the gentlemen of Southwark? We know the dramatist did not limit his friendships to fellow playwrights, and we have all reason to infer that he had lived intermittently in Southwark for some nine years.

We know that Shakespeare made journeys back to Stratford from London even during his busiest years. In 1597 he bought New Place in Stratford, a fine residence across the street and about a block from the Harvard House. Doubtless it was soon afterward that he planted a mulberry tree so well that it flourished until cut down in 1758 by a preacher so benighted that he was irritated by the pilgrims who visited it, rather than enriched as are the natives of Stratford today. But the Reverend Francis Gastrell is another story. We must mention only William Shakespeare, and note that he acquired considerable property in and near his home town, and that his relations with it were such that he was formally described as "of Stratford-on-Avon, Gentleman". Besides, his wife and children all remained there, and he retired to live there steadily from 1611 until his death.

Why not conclude that when the poet made one of his trips home, he invited his probable acquaintance Robert Harvard to accompany him? Then in the small town where everybody knew everybody else, surely one Alderman's son would know another's daughter, and William Shakespeare might well have introduced

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his London friend, Robert Harvard, to his neighbor, Miss Katherine Rogers. If we recall his dramas, we realize that Shakespeare was not averse to matchmaking. He was, moreover, in Stratford at about the time of the Rogers-Harvard wedding in the home town church. Who can say that he was not even present at that ceremony?

We might go still farther in the conjectural picture of these relations, as did the president of the Robert Browning Settlement in London, to whom I am indebted for this idea. Mr. J. Clayton Mather asks: "After Master John Harvard had made his appearance on this world's stage, is it not possible that the great poet visited the Harvard home in Southwark and dandled the infant university-provider on his knee? And so you have before you the probability that the founder of the first American university was the issue of a marriage brought about through the instrumentality of the Bard of Avon—a combination of which we may well be proud."

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AFFAIRS OF THE WORLD

EDITORIALLY REVIEWED

Senatorial Snooping

PEEPING TOM'S progress continues. Some time ago the United States Senate insisted upon its right to scrutinize and pass judgment upon the primary election expenses of candidates for the toga, for the purpose of determining their fitness for admission to its august membership. Now it goes farther, and summons before one of its committees all Presidential candidates, actual or potential, in advance of the nominating conventions or even the preferential primaries, and demands that they disclose to it the sums of money which they have expended or may yet expend in their campaigns. The purpose of this inquest is not entirely clear, though in view of recent Senatorial antics it would scarcely be extravagant to expect that when the electoral votes are counted after the next Presidential election that inquisitorial body will try to prevent its presiding officer from announcing the votes for any candidate whose friends spent more for the preferential primaries than it thinks fitting. By what legal or moral right it affects this supreme and universal censorship does not appear. We should, however, be mightily interested to see what it would do if the President should direct his Attorney-General to investigate some of its doings and to subject its members to cross-examination.

English Election Funds

In view of the Procrustean attitude of the Senate toward election expenses in America, it may be worth while to see how "they order this matter" in England. There the expenditures of candidates are fixed according to the numbers of voters in the constituencies: sevenpence a head in counties and fivepence a head in towns; and now, because of the increase in voters through the enfranchisement of the "flappers", the county rate is to be

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reduced to sixpence a head, that in towns remaining at fivepence. That is a practical and businesslike arrangement, and in view of the cost of paper, printing, postage and what not, the expenditure of ten, twelve or fourteen cents on each elector does not seem excessive. If that system were applied here, however, it would be legal for a man in New York to spend $600,000 in getting himself elected to the United States Senate, or $525,000 in Pennsylvania, or $425,000 in Illinois; while a Presidential candidate, with a nation-wide constituency, might spend seven or eight millions without fear and without reproach.

"Au Service de la France"

The apt title of one of his books explains the great victory of M. Poincaré at the polls. He is engaged in the service of France, and France appreciates his service. It is observed that very seldom in French history has a Prime Minister won such a victory in a general election as enabled him to retain his Cabinet in office unchanged. It may also be observed that seldom in her history has France been so loyally and efficiently served by a Prime Minister as by Raymond Poincaré; or in a manner so characteristic of herself in her best estate. For despite the fiction of France's fickleness and passion for going to extremes, that nation is in fact constant and moderate if not conservative. Thiers once said that France under the Third Republic would be moderate or would cease to exist. Well, she has certainly not ceased to exist. On the contrary, her existence is today more valid and more vital than before within the memory of living men; and of that fact M. Poincaré is the foremost exponent. We can recall no more convincing vote of confidence to any Prime Minister than that which he has just received. And the fine feature of it is that it was a return of confidence for confidence. In our last issue a striking parallel was drawn between Premier Poincaré and President Coolidge. That article was written before the late French elections. Now a crowning citation might be added. Coolidge said: "Let us have faith in America!" and America placed its faith in him. Poincaré said: "To doubt France is to be her assassin!" and France showed that she had no doubts concerning him.

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Murdering a Hero

Floyd Bennett was murdered. That is what Lord Balfour once called the concrete, cubical, congealed truth of the case. To adapt Byron's epigram, he was butchered to make a New York holiday. The men whom he was sent to "rescue" were in no danger, no distress. They would not have suffered if the "relief" expedition had been delayed a day or two, and if some other flyer than Bennett had been sent to them. But, as was frankly confessed, it would have "taken the edge off" of the Bremen aviators' reception in New York. It would have lessened the number of basketsful of waste paper that would have been dumped upon them from the windows of Broadway. So, for the sake of an orgy of moronic vulgarity, one of the most gallant voyagers of the air was dragged from his sick bed and sent to his death.

Flying Across the Atlantic

The voyage of the *Bremen* airplane was noteworthy. Of that there is no question. But it was not unprecedented, and it gave no occasion for the hysteria with which too many regarded it. In fact, it failed of its intention in a manner not short of humiliating. Instead of a non-stop flight from Berlin to New York, it was a two-stop flight from Berlin to Labrador, at which latter point the *Bremen* was disabled and had to be abandoned, and the rest of the voyage was made in another plane, sent thither by a relief party. Its distinction was merely that of being the first westward crossing of the Atlantic by airplane at the north and at the narrowest point. The first westward non-stop crossing was made seven months earlier, farther south and over a longer course. "Lest we forget" it will be profitable to recall the record. The first crossing of the Atlantic with an airplane, or "air boat", was made by an American, A. C. Read, in May, 1919, eastward, with one stop at the Azores. The first non-stop crossing was made by Britons, John Alcock and Arthur W. Brown, in June, 1919, eastward, from Newfoundland to Ireland. The first westward crossing was made by an Italian, Francisco de Pinedo, in February, 1927, with one stop at the Cape Verde Islands. The first westward non-stop crossing was made by Frenchmen, Dieudonne Costes and Joseph le Brix, in October, 1927. Of

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course the flight of Colonel Lindbergh was unique, apart from and superior to all others, before or since, in that it was direct from New York to Paris and thus nearly twice as long as those which sought the narrowest parts of the Atlantic.

Atoning for "Randy"

Not the least striking feature of Mr. Winston Churchill's brilliant Budget, at Westminster, was his adoption of the principle of a fixed payment every year on the debt. Now, that principle was first established by Sir Stafford Northcote, fifty-odd years ago. It will be remembered that Sir Stafford was one of the favorite objects of Lord Randoph Churchill's vitriolic attacks; wherefore the borrowing of his debt-paying scheme by the son of his tormentor may be regarded as a sort of posthumous atonement, vicariously made.

Railroads and Motors

The question of rivalry or coöperation between railroads and motor vehicles seems to be as acute in England as in America, and to be regarded there even more seriously and practically—we might almost say scientifically—than here. It is recognized that motor vehicles for both passengers and freight must to some extent supplant railroads, that they should to a large extent complement them, and that in practically all cases they should coöperate with them. The fulfilment of such a policy will involve the transfer of a large amount of transportation business from private to public rights of way, and this in turn will raise the question of the rights and obligations of common carriers on the highways. All these considerations are as pertinent to America as to England, and invest with profitable interest the recent utterance of the British Minister of Transport:

> There should be no antagonism between rail and road transportation. Both are necessary to the carrying of passengers and goods in any well-ordered country, and I am quite clear that, at no distant date, in this country, whatever Government is in power will be obliged to tackle that problem with no uncertain hand. Coördination will eliminate the wasteful competition which now exists, and both these industries will be enabled to carry on successfully . . . if the Government, when it has explored the problem, will pass some law to prevent the overlapping and waste.

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One of the urgent needs of the day is that our State and National Governments shall take this problem in hand effectively, and provide for the most revolutionary reorganization of our transportation system that has been known in a hundred years, or since the invention of the steam railroad.

Death in the Air

One of the most unpleasant—and worse than unpleasant—sequels of the World War has been the pollution of the air, not with poison gas but with the smoke of industrial establishments. Before the war New York rejoiced in air of crystalline purity, but now is compelled to endure a circumambient cloud of smoke and soot and gas. One of the great railroad systems boasted of its freedom from such nuisances, but now sends its trains amid copious trails of the by-products of imperfect combustion. Most people are vexed at such conditions, though probably few realize their actual magnitude—that is, the amount of the precipitated reek, its pollution of the air and the earth, its noxiousness to man, and its economic wastefulness. In England, where the problem is being scientifically studied and abated, it is found that in the comparatively clean places, such as Kingston-on-Thames and Southport, on the shore of the Irish Sea, there falls through the air and is deposited each year, on each square mile, no less than from 112 to 125 tons of soot. At Glasgow, London and Birmingham, from 286 to 304 tons are deposited; at Huddersfield, 427 tons; and at Newcastle-on-Tyne 523, at Liverpool 560, and at Burnley the appalling amount of 866 tons. What these conditions mean to human life, or death, may be estimated from the fact that at Burnley, with 866 tons of soot to the mile, the death rate per million from bronchitis is 1,598, while at Birmingham, with only 304 tons of soot, the rate is only 947 deaths. Finally, what can be done by way of abatement is shown in the reduction of soot in the last ten years in London from 451 to 262 tons, in Glasgow from 409 to 275, and in Birmingham from 713 to 304. Some of our smoke burdened American cities might well strive to emulate these achievements. We want no "Black Country" in America, nor any "pea soup fogs" in our great cities.

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Cables for Peace

There was good reason for the statement, made by a speaker at the celebration of the fiftieth anniversary of the telegraphic cable system between North and South America, that such means of communication made powerfully for the maintenance of international peace. That such would be the case was the outspoken belief of Morse, in developing the telegraph, and of Field in promoting the Atlantic cable. And indeed some historic incidents have pointed clearly in the same direction. Had there been an Atlantic cable in 1812, our second war with England would not have been declared; and had there been one in 1814, the battle of New Orleans would not have been fought. But if mere telegraphic cables have been effective pacific agencies, what peaceful influences are to be anticipated in wireless telegraphy and the world-wide radio systems?

Not "America's Seat"

The retirement of Dr. John Bassett Moore from the International Court of the League of Nations deprives that tribunal of perhaps its ablest jurist. It was incorrect, however, for the news sheets to say that thus "America's seat" on the bench of that Court was left vacant. Judge Moore was and is an American, but he did not occupy an American seat. There is no American seat in that Court.

The Age of Laziness

Laziness as an incentive to exertion is the piquant paradox suggested by Professor Burstall, at the University of Birmingham; with, it must be confessed, a plausibility worthy of the best of Mrs. Malaprop's fine derangements of epitaphs. The bicycle was invented to spare men the labor of walking; at any rate that of supporting their own weight upon their legs. The automobile was designed to save them the work of caring for horses; though between harnessing a horse and changing a tire, or wielding a monkey wrench while lying on one's back beneath the chassis, many might choose the former. The moving picture was designed to relieve men of the brain fatigue involved in listening to the spoken drama, and the radio had its inception in a desperate

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desire to escape the exhaustion attendant upon physically travelling to the opera, the lecture hall, the church or where not, and to enjoy at least aural contact with all the world without leaving the soft confines of an easy chair. As for the reading aloud machine which is now promised, the predigested tabloid food which is to induce gastronomical Nirvana, and the other impending conceits of indolent inspiration, their purport is all to the same unworking end. "Laziness," says the Professor truly, "is the reason for all the mechanical developments. The human frame as we see it today is incapable of any serious labor." Wherefore let us substitute *Otium cum Dignitate* for *E Pluribus Unum.* However, reaction is not impossible. "There is," wrote the illustrious metaphysician, Henry W. Shaw, "no sure cure for laziness; but I have known a second wife to hurry it some." And if a second, what may not be expected of a third or fourth? So it may be that marital relations raised to the *n*-th degree may prove to be the energetic salvation of the race.

Protecting the Movies

After much commercio-diplomatic deliberation, discussion and negotiation, a slightly more open—or less closed—door has been secured for American-made cinema films in France, and also, it is assumed, in England; promising an enlarged market for the wares of Hollywood. The incident has been an illustration of extreme protection for protection's sole sake, curiously enough practised in the land of Cobden as well as in that of Colbert. What would the Free Traders of England say, we wonder, if America restricted British imports to a certain arbitrary ratio to our home production of similar goods?

The Time of the World

The usual chaos of "standard time" and "daylight saving time" again prevails in America, and will probably recur every year, until Congress summons up sufficient gumption to perform its Constitutional duty and put an end to the foolishness. However, Europe is no better off. Some countries changed to "daylight saving" on April 1, some on April 15, some on April 22, and some not at all. Moreover, not all are agreed on "standard

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time" at any season. Like America, Europe is divided into longitudinal time zones, three in number, each an hour in width. But Holland, scene of *The Devil in the Belfry* and the consequent "thirteen o'clock", ignores that system, and sticks to absolute solar time, with the result that its clocks and watches are set twenty-two minutes ahead of Greenwich time, though it is in the Greenwich or Eastern zone. Let us hope that some time before the Greek Kalends all the nations of the world will agree upon a uniform universal scheme of regulating clock dials, so that at any time, in any season of the year, people in one place will be able infallibly to know just what o'clock it is in any other place on the surface of the globe.

Intercollegiate Brain Contests

What was that saying about children sitting in the market place and complaining to their fellows, "We have piped and you have not danced; we have mourned and you have not lamented"? Some of our colleges might say the same to the public, or to the press. They engaged in athletic contests, of agility and strength; and were made the butt of sarcasm and satire and all lampoonery, because institutions of learning exploited brawn rather than brain. Now some of the foremost of them have adopted intellectual contests, with the result that they are being lampooned more than ever by the very critics who formerly railed at them for not doing it. It is a perplexing situation; perhaps to be ameliorated by having the football reporters write about the literary and philosophical competitions, and the book reviewers and art critics describe the sports of the stadium.

A Roumanian Revolution?

The long expected has happened in Roumania, in an uprising of the peasantry and more than the peasantry against the Bratianu dynasty; and the irony of it is that the revolt is against that Liberal party which has really been the making of the kingdom. It was Joan Bratianu who led the Liberal party a generation ago in its great and successful campaign for enlightened democratic ideals; and it was his son Jonel who made Roumania one of the Allies in the World War and at the end secured for it the long-

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desired extension of national boundaries, and saved it from Bolshevism. Yet now, aided if not led by that very Roumania Irredenta which Jonel redeemed, the people rise against his brother Vintila, and declare that they will have no more government by the Bratianus. The trouble openly began six years ago, when the Nationalists of Transylvania boycotted the coronation of King Ferdinand at Alba Julia, because, they said, Jonel Bratianu had illegally controlled to his own liking the elections of that year. It was exacerbated just before Ferdinand's death, when Dr. Maniu, leader of the National Peasants' party, rejected Jonel's proposal of a coalition Ministry in which that party should have half of the portfolios. It was made more bitter still when Jonel refused to let Prince Carol return, while Dr. Maniu and his colleagues took the opposite ground. And when the sceptre passed from the hands of Jonel to those of his brother, a speedy crisis was assured. It should be said that the National Peasants' party is truly national in a regional sense, and also in composition, comprising landed aristocrats and gentry, and business and professional men as well as working folk and peasants. Its demand is, or was, for nothing more than free and fair elections, in which it is confident of securing control of the Government; a confidence which is probably well founded, since there is little doubt that a majority of the people would vote against continuance of the Bratianu régime.

Why They Dislike Us

We do not remember seeing a more refreshingly frank explanation of Europe's alleged dislike of America than that which is made by so eminent an authority as Mr. Bertrand Russell in *The Fortnightly Review.* He says:

> In Europe since the end of the War there has existed toward America an attitude of dislike based upon our financial and moral obligations to the United States. *We like those whom we benefit and hate those who benefit us.*

[The italics are ours.] Note that there is not a word nor a hint about the "Uncle Shylock" who was recently exploited. There is no complaint of any exigency of ours in demanding payment. Europeans dislike us—if they do—not on our account but their own; not because we are their creditors but because

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they are our debtors. We would not ourselves have said that, or even thought it of them. But since one of their own most eminent spokesmen says it, apparently with benevolent seriousness and not in a cynical vein, we must be permitted to take notice of it and to commend it to the consideration of some of our own countrymen who have been busily if not officiously agitating for a wholesale remission of debts. Mr. Russell's confession may have no direct bearing upon the economic wisdom or unwisdom of cancelling the debts, but it is exceedingly pertinent to the sentimental and even the ethical considerations involved.

An American Tiers État

The President of the University of Wisconsin suggests the enlargement of the Congress by the creation of a sort of Third House, composed of experts in the various professions and industries. Apparently he is inclined toward the nullification of another of the Amendments to the Constitution; to wit, that one which forbids the infliction of cruel and unusual punishments —which we take to be intended for the protection of the whole nation as well as of individuals.

More Kettelopotomachia

Mr. Stalin, Autocrat of All the Russias, complains that international capital is conducting a world-wide campaign against Sovietism. How long is it since he or his colleagues announced that the militant department of the Soviet Government would conduct a world-wide campaign of intrigue, espionage and revolt against the so-called capitalistic Governments?

Alice the Immortal

We can sympathize with those Britons who lament the purchase by an American of the Ms. of *Alice in Wonderland,* but not with those who strangely protest that thus Alice herself is lost to them. Of the English folk of two generations who were entranced by that immortal fantasy, probably not one in a hundred, if in a thousand, knew of the existence of the manuscript until it was offered for sale, and we cannot believe that the disposition of it, whatever that may finally be, will cause so much as an

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infinitesimal impairment of the charmed delight with which the work will be regarded by uncounted generations, "far on in summers that we shall not see".

The Value of "Safety First"

How much actual good is accomplished by the numerous Societies for the Prevention of This and Associations for the Promotion of That, whose propaganda and appeals for support sometimes seem a burden to us? We should hesitate to pass judgment upon any of them. But here is a pretty definite *datum* of suggestion if not of absolute proof. If the rate at which people were being killed and injured in accidents of all kinds fifteen years ago had been maintained unabated, there would by this time have been, in America, 136,000 more killed, and 13,000,000 more injured, than there have been. In other words, 136,000 persons have been saved from death, and 13,000,000 have been saved from more or less serious physical injuries. How? Largely through the adoption of safety devices, either voluntarily or under legal compulsion; and largely, also, through the education of the public to seek "Safety first". But it would be unreasonable and unjust to dispute that these means were brought about largely through the activities, incitements and demands of various organizations formed and conducted for that purpose.

Personal Anniversaries

The year is rich in anniversaries of noteworthy men, some of which are already past and others are impending. We have hitherto observed the centenaries of Henrik Ibsen and Jules Verne. Elsewhere the calendar of 1928 is rubricated with the centenaries of the births of Tolstoi, Rossetti, George Meredith, Edmond About, Hippolyte Adolphe Taine, W. H. Wollaston, and Henri Dunant, whose *Souvenir of Solferino* inspired the founding of the Red Cross. There are the bicentenaries of Oliver Goldsmith, John Hunter, James Cook, Christian Huygens, Francesco Bartolozzi, and in our own Revolution, in incongruous juxtaposition, John Stark and Horatio Gates. And there are the third centenary of John Bunyan, the fourth of Paul Veronese,

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and the fifth of Richard Neville, best known as Warwick the King maker. Of mortuary centenaries there are those of Franz Schubert, of William Bewick, and of Luke Hansard. Nor would we reckon as of negligible interest the bicentenary of the coming of Bishop Berkeley to America, in incident worthy of international commemoration and one which we trust will have recognition outside the limits of "Little Rhody".

Gene and Eli

An incorrigible punster, like De Brito "born excommunicate", once said that while John C. Heenan might not be *persona grata* in royal palaces, he at any rate enjoyed intimate familiarity with the Prints of Whales. Much more than that may be said of Gene Tunney, lecturing at Yale on *Troilus and Cressida*, and doing it very well indeed. It would be unjust to say that the incident showed that university Dons and students were not above consorting with a slugger. Rather should we say that it proved that a man might be a slugger and yet not be below a university standard of intellectual culture. Was it a United States Senator who sneered at "them damn litery fellers"? At least the prize ring should hereafter speak with more appreciation of the things that pertain to brain as well as to brawn.

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THE CRACKER BARREL PHILOSOPHER

BY BURGES JOHNSON

YEARS ago it was my privilege to walk with a kindly philosopher whose homely precepts I took insufficiently to heart. Now it is my greatest regret that I did not oftener seek to draw him out. Doubtless I was mentally too young. But with increasing frequency bits of his philosophy recur to my mind, suggested by commonplace situations, and I see their fuller meaning. Would that I in my turn might leave any such legacy!

One test of Truth must be its eternal applicability. I think that he must have discovered for himself a great deal of Truth. But it is a peculiar characteristic of that commodity that one can never force it upon a companion; one may only offer it.

I recall that I was once laboriously untying the string around a parcel while he waited patiently. When finally I had the thing unwrapped I found that he had been waiting with open pocket-knife in hand. "I passed an important point in my education," he said casually, "when I discovered that the time I saved by cutting a string was more valuable than the string I saved by untangling a knot." Here was a bit of philosophy that seemed directly to contradict "Many a mickle makes a muckle", and "Save the pennies and the pounds will take care of themselves". A truth cannot contradict a truth. But one interpretation of it can certainly contradict another interpretation.

I suspect that Truth forced upon an unready mind may often do more harm than good; because Truth wrongly interpreted is more dangerous than error. An X-ray photograph, the surgeons tell me, cannot err. But a wrong interpretation of it may lead a young surgeon into mistakes that, without the photograph, he never would have committed. I have since wasted a lot of good string and done little with the time I saved thereby.

* * * * *

I was comfortably established in the Deacon's little "settin'-

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room", and we ruminated aloud upon such weighty matters as these; with prolonged silences that may have been given to wise meditation or merely to the sleepy enjoyment of good tobacco. Mrs. Stebbins rarely spoke; she knitted placidly, glancing up now and again with her quick bird-like motion of the head, to contribute an amused or sympathetic smile. I always felt that there was some kinship between her and the canary in the window, except that there was no cage about her spirit.

"You used to be a reporter," said the Deacon meditatively. "Did you ever get so you could tell the facts without givin' your own interpretation of 'em?"

"Probably not," I confessed. "Can anybody? Put three witnesses under oath as to the crime they all saw committed, and each one may contradict the other two. They can't separate what they saw from what they inferred."

"No," agreed the Deacon, "I s'pose nobody can. When we see a thing we see it with our minds, and the stuff that's already in our minds gets mixed up with it. But a man's mind might be trained to behave so it wouldn't raise too much havoc with the facts.

"I figger that a good reporter is a great boon to society, but there's mighty few such boons."

"I'd rather be a philosopher," said I.

"Reportin' is a harder job," he retorted. "A good reporter must be always disciplinin' himself, and philosophizin' is just self-indulgence.

"I recollect when we were all readin' the newspapers to get every scrap of news about our boys in France," he went on. "There was one correspondent that always got me riled. His reports ran like this: 'Leapin' into our car we started for Villee la Rooch, or some such place. On our way we passed regiment after regiment of our boys in khaki, an' my heart swelled an' my eyes filled with tears as I thought of the brave young lives thrown away for an idee.' Now that fellow hadn't any self-control as a writer. I wanted to know which way our boys were marchin', an' if they had tears in *their* eyes. I didn't care a darn about his."

"But a good reporter must be an interpreter," I protested.

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"You bet! But he's got to be a self-effacin' one. Take a historian for instance. He's a reporter, an' he's got to try to interpret the past into terms of the present. But your self-indulgent historian wants to make the facts all prove his own philosophy. He won't let me build any theories of my own.

"You see I've just been readin' Rupert Hughes on George Washington," explained the Deacon. "I get a feelin' from it he ain't tryin' so hard to let Hughes reveal Washington as to let Washington reveal Hughes. There's another fellow that's been persuadin' Ben Franklin to do the same thing. Oh, well, I found 'em both interestin', an' I guess Ben an' George can stand it. Their fame has survived an awful lot of historical novels."

My mind was still repelling a remark of the Deacon's. "A newspaper can't make a philosopher, but it can train almost anybody to be a good reporter," I said.

"Then why don't it?" replied the Deacon. "Most of the evils of modern society, as I figger it out, come from honest-intentioned folks misreportin' things to other honest folks. When you add to them the folks that intentionally misreport, it's a wonder anybody ever arrives at a right opinion.

"As for the newspapers," continued the Deacon warmly, "maybe they could turn out more good reporters if they really wanted 'em to report. But they're more anxious to have 'em entertain. As I see it, a reporter nowadays is trained to omit private philosophizin' an' inject entertainment. I'd make good reportin' a fundamental part of ev'ry youngster's education," he added, "an' when a lad showed special aptitude for it I'd give him an extra degree.

"A man can't be a good citizen in a democracy unless he knows the news; an' a newspaper can't get the news for him without honest, intelligent reporters. As I figger it, a newspaper reporter is a public servant whose badge ought to be respected by everybody; an' if he dishonors it by lyin' or trickery, he ought to have it taken away from him by the authorities, an' not be able to get a job on any other paper."

I was amused by the Deacon's apparent earnestness.

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"But suppose a reporter felt a hankering to become a philosopher?" I suggested.

"He ought to be shot at sunrise," said the Deacon.

* * * * *

The Deacon had just come in from watering and bedding down the stock. It seemed too early for me to leave; besides, I didn't want to.

"Everybody has his own programme for the schools," I remarked. "Here you are, wanting every school boy to get a reportorial training. Somebody else wants them all to learn woodcarving and basketry. But I was talking to a famous doctor the other day who says there's a lot of over-education. All the educational programmes are getting to be too long and too complicated. He mentioned his own field especially. He says a young doctor has to learn too much. And as for a trained nurse nowadays, she's ruined by education."

The old gentleman grinned.

"An old doctor don't want a young doctor to know more'n he does. An' no doctor wants a nurse wise enough to see his mistakes."

"No, you're not exactly fair," I objected. "He had a better argument than that, and he had me half convinced. He ought to convince you, because he had the rural districts chiefly at heart."

"Sounds like a Congressman," murmured the Deacon.

"He said," I continued, "that a young doctor now has to pay for four years of college, and then three years of medical school, and then a year in hospital. And when he has sunk so much money in an education he has to get it back. So he goes to the cities where there are more patients and the fees are higher, and the farmers don't get any good doctoring as a result."

"They've got a low death rate, an' mebbe one thing explains the other," said the Deacon. "But what does he suggest?"

"Well, he wants a shorter, more inexpensive course for some, so they can afford country practice. And the same with nurses."

"I see," said the Deacon. "He wants to send half-educated doctors an' nurses out to the rural districts, where there aren't any drug-stores an' hospitals, an' they'd have to know enough to

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get along without 'em. I'd think you'd want to send the ablest ones out there."

"But they won't go."

"Give 'em time," said the Deacon. "Time cures a lot of damn nonsense. Let 'em go to the cities till there's one doctor there for every patient. Then they'll have to begin practisin' on each other, an' that'll serve 'em right. But I guess before that time comes we'll get all of 'em we need."

The Deacon rubbed the bowl of his pipe against his nose for a moment.

"Eight years to eddicate a doctor," he said thoughtfully. "Well, they tell me a Jesuit priest spends seventeen years on a special eddication, so he can work with men's souls. I'd like a man to have eight years of special eddication before he cuts out my duodenum. I suppose as science gets to know more it takes longer to train a man to practice in it. An' somehow I can't follow anyone's argyment who claims that you want some half-eddicated man to practice among poorer people."

"But this surgeon was speaking of present conditions. He seemed to be greatly concerned over the statistics that proved the well educated doctors shunned the country."

"Wal," said the Deacon, relapsing into idiom, as he sometimes does when annoyed, "I guess the well-eddicated country is learnin' to shun the doctors. It's learnin' better how to keep well. His argyment hasn't exactly convinced me. I like to think that any doctor who touches me has larnt as much as he can, so long as he don't think he knows all there is to know."

The old gentleman tapped his pipe on his boot-heel.

"God save the farmer from his friends!" he added with apparent irrelevance, "an' from statistics. Guess I'd better wind th' clock."

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IN RETROSPECT

[IT IS THE PURPOSE OF THE NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW TO REPRINT IN EACH NUMBER PERTINENT EXCERPTS FROM ITS ISSUES OF A CENTURY OR MORE AGO.—*The Editors.*]

This concise definition of the Common Law was made by the eminent Massachusetts jurist, THERON METCALF, *in the July, 1878, number of* THE NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW:

The common law is immemorial usage—a system which has been formed and matured by the experimental wisdom of ages, and which finds its highest eulogy in its practical effects. It is a system of principles; and the new points, which arise and are decided, are merely the application of those principles to new combinations of facts, for the purpose of attaining justice.

ANDREWS NORTON, *famous father of a famous son, made this critical estimate of* BENJAMIN FRANKLIN *in* THE NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW *for September, 1818:*

Let us consider some of the facts which he relates of himself. At the age of seventeen, he ran away from home, and left his parents for several months ignorant of his situation, apparently very indifferent to the anxiety which they must have suffered respecting him; though it does not appear that he had any cause of complaint against them. He habitually neglected all the duties of religion; was a professed infidel; and perverted the principles of two of his associates. He gained the affections of a young woman; entered into an engagement of marriage with her; left the country for England; and while there, sent her but one letter, the object of which was to let her know, that he was not likely soon to return. While in England, he wrote and printed a pamphlet, for the purpose of proving, that 'nothing could possibly be wrong in the world; and that vice and virtue were empty distinctions, no such things existing.' . . .

But whatever charges may be brought against him, it is to be recollected, that he was preeminently distinguished from ordinary men by his zeal and talents for being useful. There was nothing, it is true, of a very high character in his exertions or sacrifices, except the continuance and frequency of the former. It is a quite different kind of praise to which he is entitled, from that which is due to such men as Howard or Clarkson. He had, it may be re-

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marked at the same time, little of the spirit of a reformer. He did not attempt to remove moral and physical evils, by entering into a difficult and dangerous conflict with the prejudices by which they are produced. But he very industriously made use of common means for the attainment of very beneficial purposes; and sedulously directed the attention of men to valuable objects, which might be secured without any struggle against prevailing errors. 'I have always,' he says, 'set a greater value upon the character of a *doer of good*, than upon any other kind of reputation.' He appears to have taken sincere pleasure in contemplating and promoting the well-being of his fellow men.

"The spacious firmament on high" was thus contemplated by the mathematician and natural philosopher, JOHN FARRAR, *in* THE NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW *for January, 1818:*

It is time to present Astronomy, not only to the senses and the memory, but to the understanding and imagination, to exhibit it not merely as a collection of facts, phenomena, and tables, but as a delineation of the progress of the human mind. It is not longer to be regarded as the science of almanack making merely, as furnishing rules to the mariner, the geographer, and chronologist, but as a history of human efforts, speculations and inventions.

In the phenomena of the heavens we see a great problem held up as a sort of challenge to every nation of every age. It has called forth the greatest talents. It is the subject, on which the understanding has been exercised with the most brilliant success, and in which we trace the development and perfection of some of its noblest powers. It affords a scale on which we compare the genius, the skill, and the attainments of different nations and of different periods; and what is not the smallest recommendation to Europeans and the descendants of Europeans, it furnishes the most indubitable proofs of our intellectual superiority over all other people who have cultivated this science.

Soon after the introduction of Astronomy into Europe, it assumed a new form. In the course of one or two centuries, it is enriched with more discoveries than all that had been made before. The heavens become quite another spectacle, not only to the understanding, but to the senses. New worlds burst upon the sight, and old ones expand to a thousand times their former dimensions; those little stars that twinkle over our heads, become immense globes, with land and water, mountains and vallies, encompassed by atmospheres, enlightened by moons, and diversified by day and night and summer and winter. Beyond these are other suns, giving light and life to other systems, not a thousand or two thousand merely, but more than can be numbered; the imagination is bewildered and lost in the attempt to explore and fathom them. All space seems to be illuminated, and every particle of light a world. When we look for our sun, with its attendant planets, amid those regions of brightness, it is scarcely to be discerned. Its extinction would make no per-

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ceptible void. How small then this little speck, the earth, and how much smaller we who inhabit it. But we are more than consoled for this insignificance of our corporeal extension, by the enlargement, and elevation and dignity of the sphere of the mind.

JARED SPARKS *gave this trenchant analysis of the genius of* PATRICK HENRY *in* THE NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW *for March, 1818:*

He was an ardent and intrepid patriot, a sincere friend to the cause of rational liberty, and an enthusiast in his hatred of tyranny in all its odious shapes. The times in which he lived were suited to his genius—in other times we doubt if his peculiar powers would have raised him to a higher distinction, than that of an eloquent speaker at the bar. It was his pride to be considered a man of the people, and in courting their favour he was not always delicate in the artifices he used, nor very careful to support that dignity of character which never fails to accompany a truly great mind. The secret of his eloquence unquestionably rested in his power of touching the springs of passion and feeling. He had little to do with the understanding or judgment of his hearers. If he could unsettle the mind from the calm moorings of reason, and leave it to be tossed on a tumultuous sea of doubts and perplexities, his work was done; he had only to quell the storm, which he had raised, and lead the shattered bark into such a port as he chose. It should be remembered, too, that those speeches, which are said to have produced the greatest effects, were addressed to the lower classes of society, whose feelings are always easily excited, and whose opinions are seldom founded on the basis of rational conviction. He had lived with the people—had studied their characters—was acquainted with their habits of thinking, their local interests, their prejudices—he had sought and gained their confidence—he possessed their affections, and they were predisposed to be carried along in the current of his declamation, whithersoever he thought proper to lead them. If we add, moreover, the general excitement produced by the state of the times, particularly in Virginia, it will not be difficult to account for his success in kindling a temporary flame with materials so combustible, although nothing now remains, except in the recollections of his contemporaries, which would give us the impression, that he was better qualified for the part he acted, than many others, whose name and whose deeds are already forgotten.

Recent discoveries of the properties of ULTRA-VIOLET RAYS *were forecast more than a century ago in* THE NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW *for January, 1818:*

Professor Moricchini, of Rome, has discovered, that the violet rays of the prismatick spectrum have a strong magnetizing power. The Marquis Ridolfi has succeeded in magnetizing needles, by passing over them, for a period of not

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less than thirty minutes, the violet rays of the spectrum through the medium of a condensing lens; after which process, they possess all the energy and the properties of needles magnetized in the common way with a loadstone. Their homonomous poles repel, and their heteronomous poles attract each other. When made to vibrate on a pivot, their points turn constantly to the north, and their heads to the south. We know not, that any important results have as yet followed from this discovery, but it adds greatly to the wonders of magnetism, and may perhaps hereafter serve to throw some light on a subject, which has hitherto been involved in such profound mystery.

SAMUEL GILMAN, *theologian and publicist, drew this vivacious moving picture of* The Man of Expedients *in the May, 1818, number of* THE NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW:

Who appears so well and so shining at a ball room, as the man of expedients? Yet his small-clothes are borrowed, and as for his knee-buckles—about as ill matched, as if one had belonged to his hat and the other to a galoche,—to prevent their difference being detected, he stands sidewise towards his partner. Nevertheless, the circumstances makes him a more vivacious dancer, since, by the rapidity of his motions, he prevents a too curious examination from the spectators.

Search farther into his dress. You will find that he very genteelly dangles *one* glove. There are five pins about him, and as many buttons gone, or button-holes broken. His pocket-book is a newspaper. His fingers are his comb, and the palm of his hand his clothes-brush. He conceals his antiquated linen by the help of close garments, and adroitly claps a burr on the rent hole of his stocking while walking to church.

Follow him home. Behold his felicitous knack of metamorphosing all kinds of furniture into all kinds of furniture. A brick constitutes his right andiron, and a stone his left. His shovel stands him in lieu of tongs. His bellows is his hearth-brush, and a hat his bellows, and that too borrowed from a broken window-pane. He shaves himself without a looking-glass, by the sole help of imagination. He sits down on a table. His fingers are his snuffers. He puts his candle-stick into a chair. That candlestick is a decanter. That decanter was borrowed. That borrowing was without leave. He drinks wine out of a tumbler. A fork is his cork-screw. His wine-glass he converts into a standish.

Very ingenious is he in the whole business of writing a letter. For that purpose he makes use of three eighths of a sheet of paper. His knees are his writing desk. His ruler is a book cover, and his pencil a spoon handle. He mends his pen with a pair of scissors. He dilutes his ink with water till it is reducted to invisibility. He uses ashes for sand. He seals his letter with the shreds and relicks of his wafer box. His seal is a pin.

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THE FINANCIAL OUTLOOK

BY ALAN H. TEMPLE

Impending Suicide

THE machinery through which the excited speculation in stocks is operating has commenced to creak and groan as strains are put upon it which it was never designed to meet. Brakes natural and artificial are being applied to check its speed, but the efforts have thus far achieved only the same magnificence of gesture and paucity of result with which Canute ordered the tide to stop coming in. The fuel of desire to make money by selling something at a higher price than was paid for it is still being poured into the market, and this desire, as Colonel Ayres of Cleveland says, cannot be killed; it must commit suicide.

Therefore the observer of things financial, as May draws to a close, must share some of the feelings of a watcher at the bedside. He is overlooking a mob movement leading toward a stock market break the effects of which only the most acrobatic, the most favored, and those who have participated least in proportion to their resources, can expect to escape. The break may have occurred before this is read, for already tremors in the fantastic structure have occurred and the forces which will, to continue in Colonel Ayres's figure, facilitate the suicide are inevitably converging. They have long been seen and pointed out, but they have been ignored, and as buyers are in a temper to continue to ignore them it is impossible to predict whether the recessions that have occurred usher in the break or whether the bull market still has weeks or months of life ahead.

The fundamental developments foreseen have arrived on schedule. The funds which have been carried on deposit in the United States by foreign countries, notably France, and to which many commentators from Secretary Hoover down have called attention, have been and are still being withdrawn in the form of gold. Firmer money rates have increased the cost of speculation. The relation between the cost of borrowing money to buy stocks and the dividends paid by the stocks bought has changed from a bullish one a few months ago to an extremely bearish one today. The Federal Reserve Banks have raised the price of credit by advancing their rediscount rates and have diminished the supply by selling their holdings of Government securities and compelling the banks to rediscount if they would continue to expand their loans. Dividends on stocks, where they have been enlarged, still fall pitiably behind the advance in prices, and most good stocks purchased at current prices return yields lower than can be earned by the employment of money in almost any other field in the United States today. All this is the equivalent of saying that every tangible consideration in the valuation of stocks has been cast for the time being aside. The buying may be classified into two kinds. It is either based on rosy anticipation of the value of stocks next year and in years to come; or it is out and out purchasing today with the purpose of reselling at a higher price tomorrow. The latter is an exciting and acrobatic exercise which need not detain us; the tragedy of it is that the least skilful, those who will fall at the last jump, are those who can least afford to participate in the pastime.

But in considering the buying based on the belief that most stocks, particularly those of the larger corporations, will be worth vastly more in years to come, one deals with a definite economic philosophy which seems to thrive mightily on the soil of the United States. It is best expressed by the advice so often quoted, "Don't be a bear on the United States". This is an inspiring counsel of optimism and if the great financier to whom it is credited had delivered himself of many more such aphorisms he doubtless

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could have rivaled the newspaper syndicate dispensers of sunshine and enjoyed popularity in quarters where he never achieved it during his lifetime. But of course it is preposterous and dishonest to advance this really constructive philosophy as justification for the effort of a stock market to crowd several years' progress into one. The line of business increase unfortunately is not a straight one, though it always inclines upward; it is made jagged by recessions. And those who try to ride up each incline to its very end are likely to be impaled on the point.

The Philosophy of Excess Speculation

As typical of this philosophy, which has dominated the speculative movement and which during the past few months has erected a superstructure of excesses on a market which in its beginning was an expression of easy money and a reduced appraisal of the earning power of capital, may be cited an analysis which has been so widely distributed and carries so much authority that it must have had some effect. This analysis reviews the remarkable business progress and the changed economic conditions of the past five years, and surveys the price advances which have occurred in securities in that time. It then predicts that the next five years will prove to be fully as stable and constructive, and that by 1933 today's prices of numerous issues will look absurdly cheap to us, just as 1923 prices now look absurdly low to us. The reasons set forth are as follows:

1. The steady increase in the wealth and savings of the American people, creating a plethora of capital.

2. Reduced requirements of capital in carrying on business, due to hand-to-mouth buying and smaller inventories.

3. The recovery of bond prices, which has "added immensely to the available capital supply."

4. Increased stability of business; confidence that financial panics are a thing of the past and that large scale, scientific methods have come to stay.

5. Stable or slightly declining wholesale price trends, inhibiting speculative inflation in business enterprise.

6. Stability and return to normal of Europe, and probability of a long period of peace.

7. Increase in the number of investors in corporate enterprise, and increased preference for stocks.

It is possible to take exceptions to one or two of these items, but they would be immaterial to the point which should really be made. That is this: Such a long-time prophecy, issued at a time when so many are dazzled by their own easy profits or by envy of their neighbors', has inevitably been construed as a justification for purchases at present prices, irrespective of the buyer's willingness or ability to hold on until the prophecy shall be fulfilled. The short-time outlook is engulfed in the philosophy of riding upward and onward with the progress of the United States. Is there any difference between the extremes to which that philosophy can carry speculators and those to which the eagerness to ride upward and onward with the progress of Florida carried an army in that state only two or three years ago? And can the outcome fail to be the same?

The difficulties of acting on this philosophy—with which, it should be emphasized, no healthy person should disagree—are not confined to its fostering of extremes of speculation, now that the public mind has been inflamed by it. There is also the difficulty of selecting the right vehicle on which to ride. It is easy to look back five years and pick out stocks which have advanced 500 to 800 per cent. in that time but it is not so easy to select those which will show similar advances during the next five years. Even the soundest of investments lacks complete permanence; there have been times in our history when the bonds of companies operating canal systems, and later those running ferry boats between New York and Brooklyn, or the elevated steam railroads in the city, were the highest type of investments available. But they dropped to worthlessness. Thus the obligation to keep abreast, to shift into the new industries when they threaten to supplant old ones, lies always upon the investor. Yet how select the individual companies in new industries? It is estimated that some two thousand corporations have been organized to manufacture automobiles since the beginnings of

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the industry, but the automobile manufacturers who are now making money can almost be counted on the fingers. And among the derelicts of the past thirty years were very many whose origins seemed more promising than the successful ones of today. If precedent is a guide, the history of the radio and airplane industries will at least traverse this field though in this era of bigger business, and considering the limitations that hedge the airplane, the proportion of failures will probably be not so enormous.

This may seem like a counsel of despair. It is not, and is not so set forth. It is presented only to bring into relief the wilderness into which the investor who departs from sound principles may wander. The search for profit through correct anticipation of the far distant future is a part of almost every investment, of course, for it is one test of the soundness of the purchase. But other tests of soundness should not be abandoned for that one, and for present prices of the speculative stock favorites there is no other justification.

The Immediate Future

It would probably be a blessing for most investors, therefore, if for the present they could divest themselves of this belief in the long-time appreciation of shares in large corporate enterprises and examine the financial situation for the light it may shed on the more immediate future. Superficially the picture is full of warnings, and they are not tempered greatly by examination of the fundamentals. Taking the surface indications first, they include a volume of trading on the Stock Exchange which has more than once approached 5,000,000 shares daily, which on one occasion left the ticker seventy-nine minutes behind the market at its close, and which has so taxed the ability of brokerage houses to handle the business that the Saturday holiday had become a regular innovation until the Exchange hit upon the expedient of curtailing the daily trading hours—an emergency measure to last for only a limited period of time. Accompanying the heavy trading was a continuing expansion of brokers' loans, which week after week gained more than $100,000,000 until the Federal Reserve Board's statement of the total stood on May 16 at $4,502,000,000, a gain of $1,571,000,000 in the course of a year and a figure which may well stand as a record for some time. The great increase in these loans reflects a transfer of stocks from owners who have not been borrowing on them, to those who are, a significant element of weakness.

It is pointed out that these brokers' loans represent a lower percentage of the total market value of listed stocks than has been reached at previous times when the market aroused less apprehension. That is true, but it is hardly germane. In a proper appraisal of the situation the amount of money loaned upon stocks should be compared not to the quotations of the stocks—and quotations should not be confused with real values—but to the total supply of uninflated credit available. And there is no doubt but that the increase in bank loans during recent months has outrun the accumulation of real capital within the country, and that by far the greatest portion of the increase has gone into those same brokers' loans and their companion loans on securities outside of New York City. Thus there had been an expansion in the loans, discounts and investments of the reporting member banks of the Federal Reserve system, constituting perhaps forty per cent. of the outstanding bank credit of the country, from the first of the year to the middle of May, of more than $700,000,000, of which about $200,000,000 had been in commercial loans and the remainder in loans upon securities and investments. As compared with a year earlier the comparison is even more striking, for there had been a gain of over $2,000,000,000 in total outstanding credit, of which only $340,000,000 was in commercial loans. This gain outruns the normal rate of expansion of bank credit; but that in itself is perhaps not as significant as the concentration of the increased credit in the securities markets.

Checks on Expansion

The Federal Reserve Banks are now making a continuous effort to control or check this expansion. The advance in their rediscount rates to 4 per cent. which was

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made earlier in the year has been followed by another advance to 4½ per cent. To make the rate advances effective they have compelled the member banks to resort to the rediscount privilege to maintain their required reserves, for they have sold since the first of the year over $350,000,000 of their holdings of Government securities. Bills discounted have increased about $300,000,000, and as the percentage of paper eligible for rediscount in the banks' portfolios has decreased steadily the ultimate objective of this trend will be to force the banks to curtail their loans on securities, which are not eligible for rediscount. During the same period the country has lost some $250,000,000 of gold and it is believed that the year's total exports will reach $400,000,000, reducing the holdings to the lowest figure in about five years. The foreign exchanges continue firm and the chance that the gold movement will soon reverse itself seems slight.

All these trends work harmoniously toward the same end: firmer money. And it has already arrived. Time loans on securities on the New York Stock Exchange have advanced to 5½ per cent., the highest figure in several years, and a rate which is about double the average yield on representative stocks. If the stock market were still what many claim it is, a market based on abundance of credit and a "plethora of capital", it would have reversed its trend before this. As a matter of fact it ceased several months ago to be a "money market", properly priced in relation to the capital seeking investment, and the superstructure of speculative excess that has been erected has defied money trends, not reflected them.

A corollary of the advance in money has been a decline in bonds to the lowest prices of the year. The opportunity for a transfer of funds from stocks into bonds is therefore even more advantageous than it has hitherto been. If and when stocks decline they will relieve the pressure on the money markets, tending to hold bonds steady or to advance them again.

The Part Played by the Federal Reserve

It must be understood that the destiny of money is in the hands of the Federal Reserve Banks to an exceptional extent. They will as usual keep their ears cocked toward Europe, toward the farmer, and incidentally, perhaps, toward the events of a Presidential year. If the stock market had heeded the warning of the rediscount rate advance last January, and if the sale of Government securities then begun had been effective, money probably would not be as firm now. Normally May is a month of declining rates. Dearer money here is an "unfriendly act" toward Europe; it tends to weaken the exchanges and to make it more difficult for the European central banks to obtain the gold they want unless it is offset by higher rates there, which are inimical to reviving business. Considering the farmer, his demands for credit are heaviest during the autumn when his crops move to market, and it is the policy of the Reserve system to keep rates as cheap as possible at that time, eliminating the seasonal advance of pre-Reserve days. Politically, too, cheaper rates and rising markets would be welcome during the early fall. Is it therefore unlikely that the keynote of Federal Reserve policy is that a salutary check to stock speculation should be administered now, and the markets and the banking position reduced to a more stable basis in order that improvement may come later? Better a decline now and recovery in the fall than a continued advance now and a disastrous break in the fall. Insofar as it is in the power of the Reserve System to compel events they will probably work out along these lines.

Rumor of Mergers

It is customary in the securities markets to find a reason for any break when it occurs. If the news supplies nothing important enough, whatever it does supply is magnified into sufficient prominence. Perhaps the break in stocks this time, if it has started, will hereafter be associated with the refusal of the Interstate Commerce Commission to approve the Van Sweringens' railroad merger plans in so far as they related to the Erie. By those who are wedded to the axiom that the whole can equal only the sum of its parts the responsiveness of the stock market to mergers and rumors of mergers—and conversely to failure of mergers—must be

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considered a curious phenomenon. It has some basis in fact in that a merger may indeed make possible greater economies and greater profits, and that in the process of merging certain assets may be distributed to stockholders which otherwise would remain locked up. But the real reason is that a merger is something to be talked about; it advertises a corporation; it makes speculators receptive to the buying suggestion; it supplies a rallying point for bull forces.

In 1927 there were 828 mergers and realignments of public utility companies; doubtless they were responsible in great part for the advances in public utility stocks. Lately bank mergers have come to the fore. The activities of the Bancitaly Corporation are known to all readers of the financial pages. (See also the leading article in this number of this REVIEW.) In the State of Washington another holding corporation is functioning, forging a chain of banking institutions. And there are others elsewhere. These corporations are doubtless in no way responsible for the eager buying of the public following which they have attracted, but the stocks of banks affected by their operations have been far in the van of the great rise in the price of bank stocks that has occurred in the past year or so. There is much cause for believing that the prices of these stocks have outrun reason as far, and overdiscounted the future to as great an extent, as the prices of some of the shares listed on the Stock Exchange.

Nothing has been said of the state of business. It is in a period of watchful waiting. It is entering upon the usual seasonal decline, and it is hardly possible now to determine whether that decline will be more or less extensive than usual.

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AS OTHERS SEE IT

The Bitter Cry of the Boobery

SIR:

Once in so often I pause to scan the covers of the "highbrow" reviews in the hope that perhaps one article out of the fifteen or twenty there displayed may be worth reading, but I am rarely rewarded. Picture then my delight on seeing on the cover of the January NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW imbedded among contributions on Hoover, Farm Prices, Mayor Walker, Ultraviolet Rays, Silk Stockings, The Hall of Fame, King James's Bible and Athletics for Girls a four page gem entitled *The Sorrows of Mencken*, described in *By Way of Introduction* as "a stinging rebuke to a literary poseur".

Having barely recovered from reading *The Man Who Knew Coolidge*, I need scarcely say that this rebuke stung me into a renewed and uncontrollable fit of merriment. Whether it has had the same effect on Mr. Mencken I cannot say; I can but hope that he has met it with such resources of equanimity as he has been able to muster.

I trust I shall not be accused of idle persiflage when I confess that for one irresponsible second while reading the "Sorrows" I had a fantastic suspicion that they must have been written by Mr. Sinclair Lewis under an elvish *nom-de-guerre*. Even now I am far from convinced that this is not the case. Similar hoaxes have been successfully launched in the past. There are flashes of humor in Miss Ely's article that are strangely reminiscent of Sinclair's exotic wit; for instance, her reference to "our absurd chivalry of 1917", America's insistence on being "useful and altruistic", and in "putting faith and will power above barren mental cerebration". One recalls extracts from the magazine advertisement pages quoted in Babbitt that were quite as funny. And then the reference to Lewis himself in the sentence "Self-acknowledged star pupil of Mencken-ism, Lewis incorporates his master's theories into novels which put the dunce cap on America and condemn her to the dark corner as the world's most imbecile race". I find it difficult to think that anyone but Lewis could have put this priceless sentence in the mouth of Miss Ely.

It is not necessary to discuss all the points raised, but I may perhaps cite one comprehensive thought that occurs to me every time I hear the familiar bleat about "constructive" democracy, with its hallelujah religions and its forward-looking he-denizens. What, in God's name are they constructing? A nation of Gracchi or a nation of Lowell Schmalz's? Is it the aim and object of humanity to produce a race of mental and physical supermen, or a race of fat-bellied Babbitts? Is the world really improved by greenbacks, telephones, typewriters, automobiles, aëroplanes, skyscrapers, movies and open plumbing? In what respect can they compare with Culture, Beauty, Art or with mental, physical or moral Excellence? The world today pullulates with well fed jackasses.

In thus dissecting the "Sorrows" I am not thumbing my nose at its author so much as at that vast army of nincompoops that inhabit the world today, and especially the part humorously dubbed "civilized", that army which, according to Havelock Ellis, will soon not even have standing room on the habitable globe. It is an army of fear and innocence, futility, envy and resentment of all superior things, in effect the army of mediocrity.

F. W. MURRILL.

Mexico City, Mexico.

Were He Not a Good Fellow

SIR:

The Hon. Arthur Capper says in your May issue, "Charles Curtis, himself, would

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be President. He would be no mere rubber stamp for the use of those with selfish interests to serve."

If the seemingly impossible happened, to the extent of elevating Curtis to the Presidency, I maintain that he would be a "rubber stamp" to just the extent which his judgment dictated in the premises. The greatest factor of his success has always been his phenomenal accuracy in judging contemporaneous values in the game he was playing.

The writer lived in this district before Arthur Capper came with the reputation of being a "snappy cub reporter" from the super-snappy city of Chicago and took up work on *The Topeka Daily Capital*, which had the habit of making "a god" of one of their number and later deserting him. At that time a Swede then at the head of Bethany College said that Kansas was destined to send one of her sons to the presidency in the near future. Yet Curtis would never let them make "a god" of him. If he knows more of the personal lives of his legislative associates than any else in Washington, he has never used this knowledge to become openly nasty. However it would be un-Curtislike not to let them know that he had something which he could use, and probably would, were he not a good fellow.

EDWIN M. CASE.

St. Louis, Mo.

The Review's Apology

From *The Rawlins Republican, Wyoming*

THE NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW has offered an apology for the libelous article entitled *Reducing States to Territories* which appeared in the March issue of that magazine. In this the magazine is doing the right thing and one that is manly. In the telegram to Governor Emerson the editor said he recognized the justice of the demands contained and desired to offer sincere apologies. He further said he could only justify the acceptance for publication by quoting *The State Tribune's* phrase that "accidents happen in the best regulated families".

All publishers are confronted by the same thing—publishing facts that are given from good authority and by supposedly the most responsible people. Accidents in this respect do happen in the best of the papers and magazines and the test of the metal comes in the alacrity of the editors to make what amends they can. In apologizing and making a correction in the May number, THE NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW is doing an honorable act.

Hatred of the Gringo

SIR:

Bishop Pascual Diaz has set forth his side with great clarity in THE NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW. His idea is that the Mexican Government wants to separate definitely the Church—any denomination—and State. Yet I do not hear the Bishop or any of his fellows saying anything about the real why of the late unpleasantness.

The Mexican Government does not want the Church sticking its nose into the Government's affairs, and, knowing how much the Catholic Church does love to do that, it has taken steps to emasculate that tendency at its source. No half measures about it; the Government knows its Church. In the reign of Porfirio Diaz I went down into Mexico on some mining deals. I found an almost universal hatred of the "Gringo" (American). I also found that other nationalities were tolerated and even encouraged, especially the English and the German. I was even told that I would get along much better with the common people if I passed as an Englishman. Beginning to ask reasons for the hatred extended toward my countrymen, I was informed that race prejudice had been fostered ever since the Mexican War, and that the hatred had been instilled by the Catholic priests into the illiterate Mexican people. Result, the average lower class Mexican regards us as barbarians. President Diaz frowned on education for the mass. Why? He knew that when the mass became educated, the Church would lose its power. But he couldn't keep the better class Mexicans from sending their children abroad to be educated. It is that class that is the Government in Mexico today.

G. BOYDEN.

Omaha, Nebraska.

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AS OTHERS SEE IT

Permanent Prosperity

SIR:

I am writing to tell you that I look forward with keen interest for each new issue of THE NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW. *The Cracker Barrel Philosopher* is great! The "Deacon" and "Ma" are lovable characters and the clear insight and knowledge of human nature attributed to the Deacon, as well as the flashes of *humor* (not wit) and wisdom with which he explodes delusions are captivating.

Mr. Lewis H. Haney's article is very interesting. Is it too much to ask that he contribute another article in which he should present his conclusions definitely, not necessarily as gospel truth, but as conclusions logically drawn from the facts: Just what does he advise doing to usher in permanent prosperity? Is there such a thing as a fair wage? What is the cause of industrial depression? Does anyone know how to explain just what is wrong when we have unemployment? Who is to blame? What is the preventative?

The solution of the problem, if solution there be, would seem to imply steady employment, a certain wage to labor and a profit to capital, which should be fair in both cases. I see no objection to a variation in the number of dollars earned as profit, whether of increase or decrease, just so the real value of the dollar, the purchasing power, varies but little or not at all, if that is possible to arrange.

Mr. Haney seems to intend the reader to draw a certain conclusion. I should like him to state plainly what he considers the obvious conclusion. Has any one passed beyond debatable theory?

J. F. HARRINGTON.

Yountville, California.

A Veteran Reviewer

SIR:

I have been a regular reader and subscriber of THE NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW for more than fifty-five years. From 1893 to 1904 when I was a medical missionary in Siam I never missed an issue. Now I am seventy-four years old and retired, having served more than twenty years as a home missionary here in California.

J. S. THOMAS.

Pasadena, California.

The Child Is Father To The Man

From *The Boston Transcript*

Publication in your columns of an article on swearing, from THE NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW, leads me to add a word or two. My daughter, aged seventeen, and all her sweet-faced friends, express their sentiments good and bad with swear words. My boys are even more vigorous in their expressions and have a more complete and varied vocabulary. No harm so far but—I'm learning to swear, and becoming an adept. I found myself telling my son "to drive carefully as that was a devil of a hill and the brakes were no damned good"; expressions I hear so often that I use them unconsciously. Now, gray hair and swearing are not becoming, and for the good of my generation, I plead for some great-spirited person to form "a society to prevent middle-aged mothers from becoming proficient swearers."

The Comment Corner

THE NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW is one magazine that I cannot be without. Its fair and complete presentation of current affairs is unusual and of inestimable value. Bound they furnish an excellent contemporary history.

Valuable because it combines solidity with brevity.

It has a place of its own, not filled by any other magazine.

An excellent monthly magazine. Articles well selected, not too long, interestingly written, and on topics of present-day interest. The type, paper and general format also are very good. As long as you keep the magazine up to its present standard I shall want it.

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